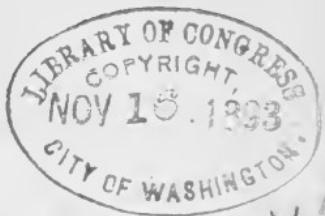


# GYPSYING BEYOND THE SEA FROM ENGLISH FIELDS TO SALERNO SHORES



WILLIAM BEMENT LENT

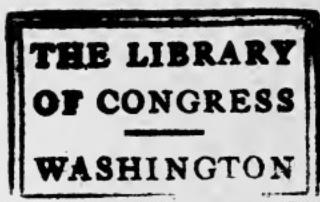
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## GYPSYING BEYOND THE SEA.

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### R U S S I A.

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#### TOWARD THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

To hear the average tourist, the ordinary hotel proprietor, or the bland ticket-agent talk of a proposed trip to Russia, one would think that over every gateway to the czar's dominions is inscribed the legend, "Who enters here leaves hope behind." "A long, hard journey," "nothing worth seeing," "poor hotels," "exasperating customs-examination," "annoying police surveillance," and "horribly expensive," were some of the Anak giants conjured up by the crowd of spies who knew not the land; but nevertheless the few Calebs and Joshuas we met gave us the Eschol grapes of quiet assurance in the remarks, "It is a long journey, but it pays," and, "Be sure to go." As a matter of fact, however, we had no trouble; the hotels were

excellent, travelling more than comfortable, and the dreaded customs-examination were in our case the merest form. Doubtless we were under the surveillance of the police,—our passports demonstrated that; but as we did n't hurt anybody or seek to overturn the present *régime*, they did not molest us, and the days came and went in a glory of novelty, interest, and incessant change.

But it is hard to get started! Ordinarily, it is an easy matter to procure any needed information for out-of-the-way trips in Europe; but when the eyes are turned Russia-ward, all sort of dust is thrown in them. Even in the matter of guide-books one's choice is small; for "Baedaeker" is published only in German, and one must fall back upon large, dull, and voluminous "Murray," of which it can be truly said that if what you do want was put in one volume and what you don't in another, the latter would be most cumbersome!

After all our foraging it was humiliating, but at the same time a little droll, to leave Berlin at the uncanny hour of eleven o'clock at night. For the first time in our wanderings we had been able to check our luggage direct from the hotel to our destination,—St. Petersburg. Our compartments in "Wagon-lit," or sleeper, had been engaged some days before, and our beds

were ready for occupancy, all handsome and commodious. The night was uneventful; no collisions or delays occurred, and there was only the steady, jog, jog, jog of the train. In the early morning we looked out upon a level country dotted with fine villages, farms, and detached houses, and having a general appearance of high cultivation; we soon passed the Baltic Sea, and about nine reached Königsberg, where in 1861 the late Kaiser William was crowned. But the strongly fortified station was too far from the town to allow us to get more than a glimpse of distant towers, spires, and roofs; and for three or four succeeding hours there was really little to see, for the country was very level, and each mile simply repeated the one just passed. Yet the appearance of farms, hamlets, and buildings was interesting, all being very finished, and indicative of great prosperity.

A few minutes before one o'clock we arrived at Eydkuhen, the last Prussian station, and five minutes later we were at Werballen, and on Russian soil at last! Here we left the train, and filed into a large room, giving up our passports as we entered, and waited to see what we should see. The customs-examination was most courteous and informal. A fair, delicate-faced officer in handsome military uniform came along

in a few moments with our passports, and in a most gentlemanly manner asked us in perfect English if we had anything dutiable. On receiving our usual answer to such a question, he motioned to two of his subordinates, who opened our trunk, glanced lightly at its contents, closed it, and without any examination of our hand-satchels a porter took them by the officer's order and guided us to the restaurant. That was all there was of that great giant of Anak, which had made us fairly afraid! After that we went through the land with our colors flying, for silken "stars and stripes" lay always on top of the things inside our trunk and bags.

It was amusing to note the change a few minutes had made. At Eydkuhen we saw fair German faces, German uniforms, and heard the German language; five minutes later we encountered the astrakan and scarlet cap, white cockade and cossack uniforms, the long-cloaked, flat-capped officials, and the indescribable Russian signs. The latter, all along the line and throughout the whole country, were near about the death of us. In the formation of the Russian alphabet, it looks as though the philological committee, after a long carouse, had chosen a number of our Roman letters to use straight, a lot more to place "hind side before," a few of the remaining ones to arrange upside down for

variety; and then, to crown all, they appear to have added *ad libitum* a job lot of original characters of their own distorted fancy, producing altogether a most topsy-turvy result, which would be amusing were it not so exasperating.

The outside of the Russian sleeping-car which we occupied looked like a long sheet-iron box. Inside, the compartments, which were placed crosswise, were commodious but plain, with oilcloth-covered sides and ceiling, and one small window,—presenting a striking contrast to the rich appointments and sumptuous belongings of our Pullmans and Wagners.

The change from German to Russian territory is very noticeable, for the farms and buildings of the latter are much inferior to those of the former. The country reminded us of Kansas lands, looking perfectly level, but being in many places really quite billowy and undulating. All over the verdant plain were little groups of one-story, thatched-roof farm buildings, quite as poor looking as those upon newly opened lands in our far West. As we travelled on and on, however, the appearance was more like waste or only partially cleared and cultivated lands. The villages were quite uniform; the houses, being of one story, with a porch in the centre, unpainted and brown with age, and with dull-colored thatched roofs, seemed poor

and inferior, although apparently tidy and well kept. Late in the afternoon we passed through some fortifications, and came into quite an undulating country. The whole stretch is historic ground, for Napoleon fought over it; but one wonders, from the look of it, what there was worth struggling for! At every station were groups of stolid-faced, fair-haired people, and once in a while a characteristic costume or dress; but military uniforms, gray-brown worsted or linen working-suits, and ordinary European dress predominated. The station-houses and surroundings were remarkably pretty, in a style plainly the outgrowth of the old log-houses, and were surrounded by neat fences and a profusion of shrubbery and trees. Even the water-tanks were very ornamental. At the larger towns the stations were of brick and very imposing, surpassing any upon our roads. At every "eating-place" we found large dining-saloons with lofty ceilings and palatial appointments.

At 8 p. m. we arrived at Vilna, — called "little Paris," — a place of importance, with a population of ninety-four thousand, and a centre of great historical interest. The view of the town (situated in a hollow at one side), with its numerous domes, towers, and roofs, is very pretty and picturesque. The masses of tall

blossoming shrubs and lilacs, just beyond the station, were a sight, and our respect for the latter as an ornamental feature will be greater hereafter. It was at this place that Napoleon on his retreat from Russia parted with his army in disguise, and heartlessly left twenty thousand sick in rude hospitals. In 1812 it was the centre of Napoleon's operations; he entered it in triumph on the last of June, but left it dishonored within six short months. It is also the scene of many Polish vicissitudes and hardships. But now, surrounded by a succession of ravines "clothed with foliage of the fir, the birch, and the lime," it presents a serene and attractive appearance, as though war or even rumors of war had never reached it. After leaving Vilna, the country was exceedingly pretty, being a succession of tiny ravines and wooded hills, with poor but most picturesque cottages half hidden in the woods. We had a glorious sunset,—a clear horizon, with light broken leaden clouds high above, which catching the light were transfigured into crimson and gold, while the sky glowed in every shade of orange, amber, gold, and yellow. At 8.30 P. M. the sun was still above the horizon; at 9.30 the sky was still glowing in glorious tints of amber and yellow, and it was very light. We awoke at 3 A. M. to find it "as light

as day." Unconsciously we had been going north, and had come into the long twilight and early dawn, to which we could never quite become accustomed. We found it perfectly easy later, while in St. Petersburg, at 2 A. M. to read small print without artificial light, and were always obliged to darken the windows with tablecloths so that we might sleep.

The next morning we looked upon a country even more suggestive of Canada than that of the day before was of our Western plains. It was of course monotonous, but everything was so verdant, the birch woods so pretty, and the cleared farms and houses so picturesque, that the time passed pleasantly. There is so little motion to the train that one can read, sew, or even write with ease. We stopped at Pskof for breakfast; but as this important town is some two miles away, all we saw was a large and imposing station, with tracks covered with arched roof of iron and glass, and a number of ornamental summer cottages, with attractive surroundings among the fir-trees, quite like one of our pretty Jersey shore summer-resorts. The only other place of note was Gatchina, a lovely and ornamental village of tasteful and pretty villas. Somewhere in the woods near by is the favorite royal palace of the present czar, which contains six hundred rooms, and is surrounded

by an extensive park, neither of which is the public allowed to enter. There the czar lives in greatest seclusion. All his movements are kept secret, so that it is not even known when he visits his capital.

The last hours of our journey, because of dust and excessive heat, became very wearisome. A few minutes before reaching the capital we could see, in the distance, piercing the hazy atmosphere, the familiar slender spire of the Admiralty, and beyond, the glitter of golden domes. At exactly two o'clock, thirty-nine hours after leaving Berlin, we rolled into the station at St. Petersburg. A hotel porter awaited us, and in a few moments we were driving rapidly over a good old-fashioned cobble-stone pavement. Later, we never ceased to look in amazement at the miles of handsome streets paved in this manner. Upon some of the most important thoroughfares there is a narrow strip of wood pavement inserted; but the Tartar Jehus seem to take a fiendish delight in driving the little low-wheeled droskies always on the stones. We were soon settled at the Hôtel de L'Europe, with attractive rooms, good table, and English spoken by the servants; and so giant No. Two was laid.

## THE WINTER PALACE.

At a first glance St. Petersburg, in a certain sense, was disappointing. At so great a distance from the frontier, and in the very heart of the Russian Empire, we looked for something more characteristic and national, more startling and bizarre,—or, as it was humorously put, expected to see a Pole stuck up here, a Tartar squatting there, and a wild Cossack riding full tilt through the streets, much as many good English people think to see the Indians walking up Broadway. Instead we looked upon a modern and beautiful city, so modern that but for the peculiarly clustered domes, the indescribable signs, the droll little droskies, and an occasional priest in flowing robes and dishevelled hair, one could easily imagine himself in any other European capital. It is indeed a beautiful city, with many wide and handsome streets making fine and effective vistas, open plazas, and small parks, monuments and statues, churches whose gilded domes and tinted towers flush and glisten in the sunlight, and palaces

and public buildings of great extent and number. Canals wind through the city, and the rapid Neva courses its way through the city's heart, lined with massive granite quays, and faced by fine structures, gardens, and fortresses.

The Russian peculiarities really show but little in St. Petersburg. The droskies are characteristic, small, and low, with traces attached to the hubs of the front wheels, and the most comically attired coachmen, who look like old women in their long grotesque wrapper-like livery, but like "the girl of the period" in their queer little beaver hats. As bearing upon "the origin of species," it is only necessary to say that the very same hats can be seen on our streets to-day, with the additional features of a feather stuck up behind. We always laughed at the cabbies, and it seemed as if they "got square" by rattling our bones over the cobblestones every chance they had; and how they did go! The priests of the Greek Church walk the streets in long voluminous robes and droll band-box hats, and are a wild, unkempt-appearing set, with long flowing hair, which oftener than not looks as if it needed a good combing. Occasionally mendicant nuns, in high stove-pipe hats all enveloped in black veils, entirely unlike any costume seen elsewhere, are met. Once in a while, a man goes along in a sheep-skin coat,

and you give him a wide berth. Military costumes are literally the rule, for Russia is a military despotism. Looking at the officers, as representing an educated class, one would say the Russians are not a handsome race. Thin, pale faces predominate; about every other one wears spectacles, and all look sober, hurried, and careworn. But one needs to come twice,—once at this time of the year (June) when the climate, the churches, and galleries are warm enough to make sight-seeing a pleasure; and once in the winter, to see the characteristic sledges and costumes and gay life of the capital.

Few Continental cities except Paris give finer vistas than those afforded by Nevski Prospect, the principal business street, wide and imposing, and ending with a park, above the great trees of which, like a lance hurtling through the air, appears the slender spire of the Admiralty; or by the turbid rapid Neva, with its long line of palaces and public buildings dying away in the soft golden haze of distance. The city itself is monumental, a tribute to indomitable energy and perseverance, for its site was an extensive marsh when in 1703 Peter the Great began its construction. It is said that for years forty thousand men were drafted annually from distant parts of the empire to work upon this “window to the north” which he

wished to create; and they tell a droll story, that for years every cart or vessel that entered it was bound to bring a certain number of cobble-stones for paving. From present appearances it is doubtful if a single one was ever lost or wasted. Embellished and enriched by a long line of sovereigns, the monotonous but beautiful metropolis floats to-day like a richly laden Argosy literally upon (for it is surrounded by) the waters, and in constant peril of inundation.

None of the Royal or Grand Ducal or imposing private palaces are open to visitors save the celebrated Winter Palace, long the abode of the court, and the scene in former years of festivities and gayeties of unsurpassed extravagance and lavish richness and display; and considerable "red tape" had to be unrolled before we found admittance even to this. First, a call at our own embassy, where a polite request was written for us; then, a presentation at the palace, only to be told that we must apply at an office of the court, there to be told that the card of admission would be given the next day; then, fully armed and equipped, we presented ourselves at the stated time, only to be told that some foreign prince was to be shown the rooms, and no one else would be admitted; finally, upon the third and last time success perched upon our banners. Gorgeously attired flunkies

received us, and in a few moments we began what proved to be a continuous walk of *two hours*, through apartments *grande* and *petite*; through glittering marble halls, salons gorgeous with colors and gold; corridors brilliant with pictures; winter gardens of palms and ferns; suites of private drawing-rooms, etc., furnished much as such rooms are everywhere by persons of wealth, and suites of dainty bedrooms, boudoirs, baths, etc. It tired us out, for the polished floors were as slippery as glass, and the maze of decorations and multitude of pictures and "articles of bigotry and virtue," necessitated a wearisome craning of the neck in every direction. The structure is simply immense, with a frontage upon the Neva of 455 feet, and a depth of 350, and a wide exposure on three sides, and a height of four stories. It is neither imposing nor impressive, being monotonous in style, of a warm pinkish terra-cotta tint, and quite like a huge hotel. The grand entrance faces the Neva; and from the top of its porch, which forms a large balcony, the most magnificent and sweeping view in the city up and down the river is obtained. Lifted just high enough, the eye takes in the entire sweep of the rapid stream until it bends in either direction out of sight. It was superb, that lovely sunny day, for every palace and public

building, every dome and tower, was ablaze with golden sunlight.

The palace is a perfect labyrinth, confusing and wearisome. Since the cruel death of the late emperor it has been used only for state ceremonials, banquets, and court balls. When illuminated, it must be dazzling and magnificent. We went up stairs and down, a half-mile here and a half-mile there, and saw the stately marble staircases, the enormous and imposing state departments, and the pretty little suites of private rooms; we also saw the place where the premature but fearful explosion of dynamite occurred in 1880, just as the late emperor and family, with several royal guests and a brilliant court, were passing into the banqueting-hall, and the staircase, by which a year later the fearfully lacerated emperor was brought into the palace to die.

To give an idea of the state rooms, we note, first, the Nicholas Hall, or ball-room,—a most lofty, palatial, and magnificent apartment with four immense buffets, gorgeous with huge and superb pieces of gold and silver plate, and with eight crystal chandeliers and twelve standard candelabra, all of enormous size, making the cold, white, and golden rooms a glitter of iridescent and prismatic lights. Then, second, there was St. George's Hall (one hundred and

forty feet long and sixty feet wide), with magnificent Corinthian columns; a large concert room, with shelves heavily laden with enormous gold platters and dishes, exquisitely encrusted with brilliantly colored enamels; another room richly fitted up and covered with lovely blue china; a circular hall, with balustraded gallery and domed roof, hung with faultlessly beautiful full-length portraits of several defunct emperors and empresses, against superb draperies of plush. One room had furniture of solid silver; another a gorgeous throne-room, a dazzle of gold and color; and still another two-story room, with eight huge panels hung closely with gold and silver plate. The amber, gold, and silver ornaments, statues, porcelains, crystals, and china were simply magnificent. In many of the rooms were enormous candelabra and vases, twelve and fifteen feet high, of St. Petersburg glass, resembling closely the exquisite rock-crystal, superbly mounted in delicate ormolu. Equally tall vases of porcelain, exquisitely painted, graced some of the rooms. The furniture was principally of gold and crimson. One room was filled with testimonials and gifts presented in 1880 to Alexander II. upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne. It was a regular museum of books with bindings studded with gems, marvellous

embroideries, and articles in gold, silver, and bronze. With the exception of a few of the "Old Masters" in the private drawing-rooms, the pictures all through the wilderness of corridors and rooms were war-scenes upon land and sea; some in the wild mountain-passes, in raging snow-storms, were repulsive and painful. One wearies of all this strife and blood and carnage. These pictures quite stamp upon the palace a national character of brute force. They say an Englishman awakes in the morning and says, "Let us kill something;" but judging from these pictures, the Russian must be able to take an extra snooze, for there can be nothing left to kill!

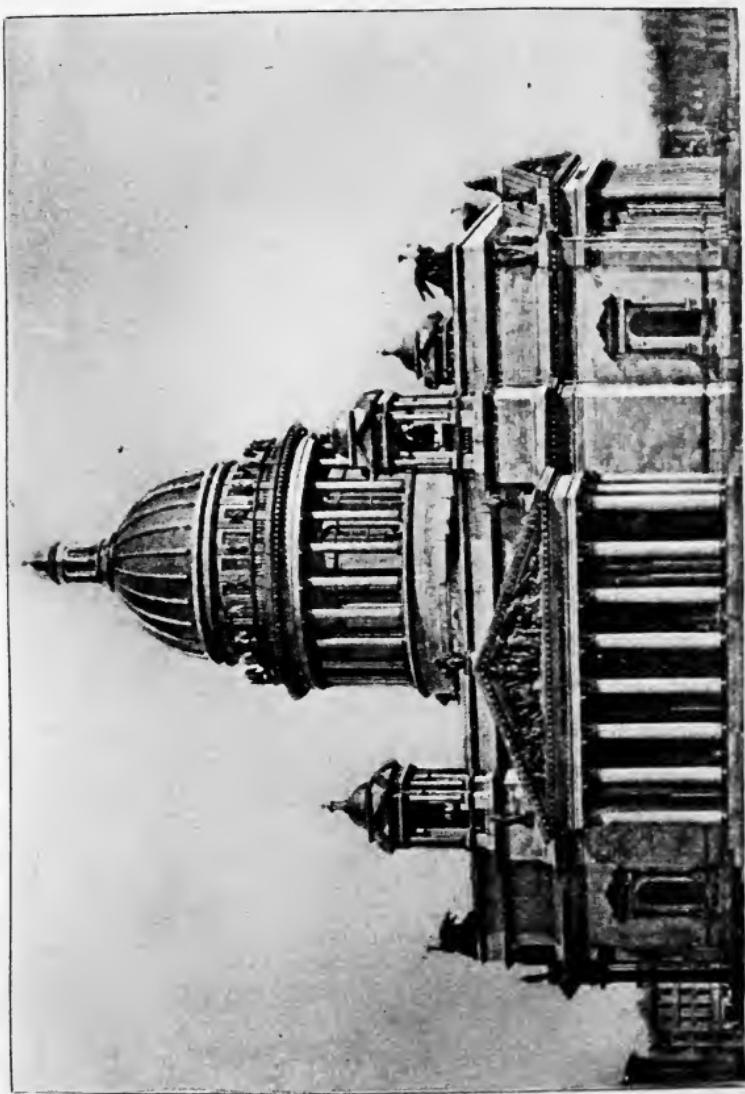
We witnessed an amusing and grotesque scene in one of the wide spacious corridors, where a squad of fifteen men, under the command of an officer, were polishing the glassy floor. With something bound to each foot, they moved with skating-like motion, in concert, with all the precision of a dance or military drill.

The rooms and decorations were all showy and glittering. The suites of rooms occupied by different emperors and empresses, with appointments, toilet articles, etc., just as they left them, and the camp-beds upon which the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas died, form a most pathetic sight. The Grand Chapel is a

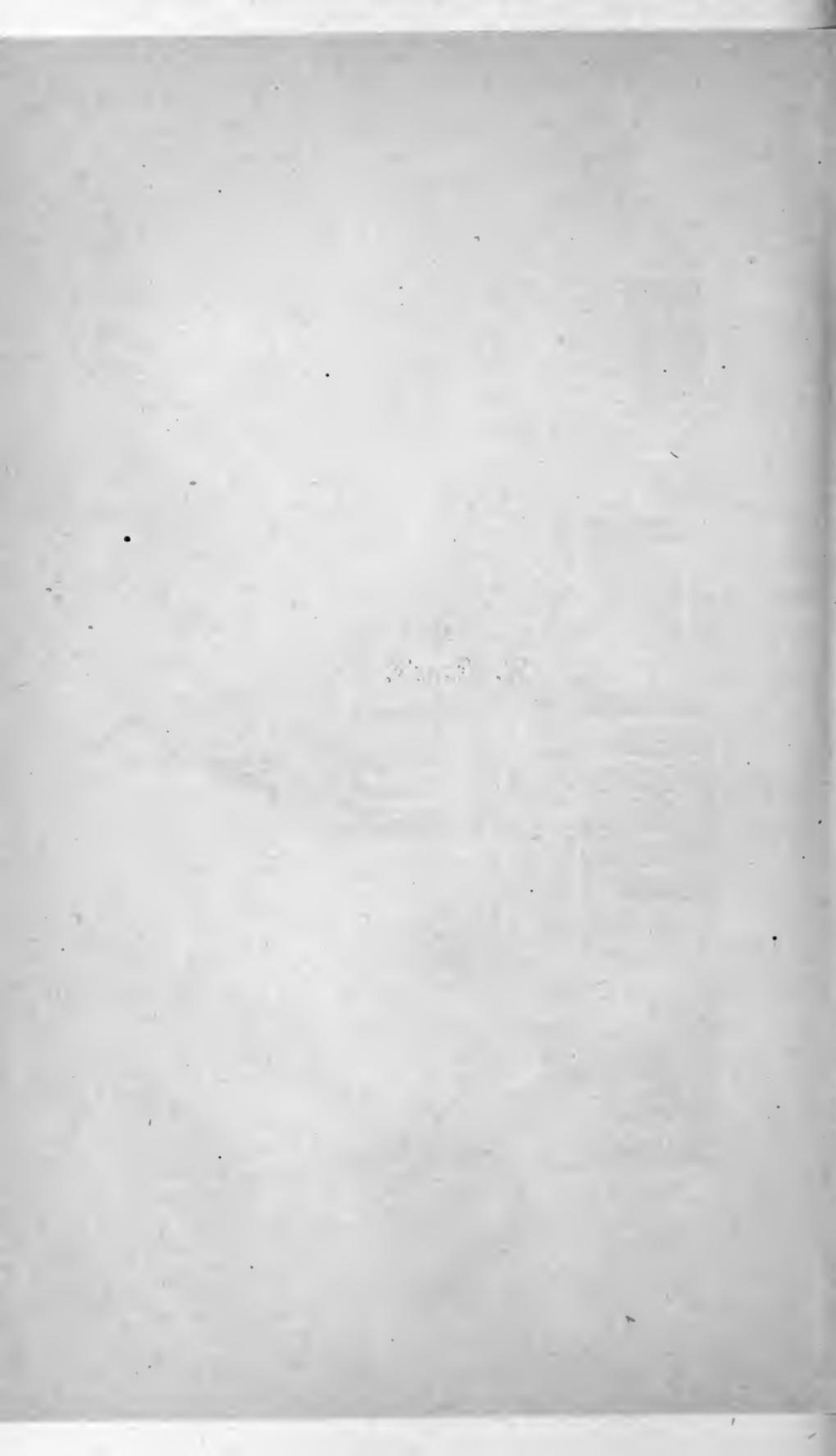
wild, barbarous, and bizarre tumult of gold and rococo ornamentation, with a hideous "ikon," or religious picture, "unwrought by hands," and another painted by Saint Luke ! The rubies and sapphires around them surpass all the magnificent ones in other churches. Beside them even the diamonds are insignificant. Close to it, in a costly cabinet, was the dried hand of John the Baptist ! Much to our regret we did not see the crown jewels, long one of *the* sights of Europe, with the "Orloff," the largest cut diamond in the world; for they have not been shown for the last ten years.

It is a wearisome tramp through this palace, but one would not like to lose it; and even with modest fees there is nothing left of five dollars when the sight-seeing is finished ! Three officials received us; another attended us throughout the tour; at every suite a servant stood with the keys and took us in (in more ways than one); and every one of them expected and received a fee !





*St. Isaac's.*



## THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. ISAAC'S.

THE morning after our arrival, without plan or purpose, we sauntered along Nevski Prospect, the principal business thoroughfare,—a scene of life and gayety, with droskies and carriages and many large and very handsome coal-black horses, dashing rapidly along, and a succession of pretty little shops, with a good display of Russian manufactures. At these the gold-plated and brilliant-colored enamelled silver table-ware and the peculiar papier-maché and lacquered articles were peculiarly beautiful. The country embroideries were not pretty enough to bring away, although the “drawn work” was exquisite. The gold and silver brocades for ecclesiastical and court purposes were magnificent, and seemed often like spun metal. But we looked in vain for anything novel in Russian leather. The metal-work, such as chandeliers, hanging lamps, etc., are unusually handsome.

Turning toward a little park at the end, we caught a glimpse of the Cathedral of St. Isaac's, the grandest and finest building in the city.

Now, a glimpse of a stately and imposing cathedral has much the same effect upon inveterate travellers as a red rag has upon a bull. In an instant we were in a glow, and to the cathedral we must go. As it stands in an immense open square, we first walked all around it, and saw its grand proportions, stately architecture, noble porticos, superb dome, enormous columns, and large groups of bronze statues, to the best advantage. In its massiveness and simplicity, its intrinsic costliness of material, its immense proportions, and its grand and solemn impressiveness, it ranks with the finest structures in Europe; while its isolated position gives it an advantage over many, in that it throws every architectural line and peculiarity in boldest relief, so that nothing is lost. It is in the form of a Greek cross, with a superb and imposing portico and magnificent flights of granite steps at the end of each arm, and lofty portals and elaborate doors of bronze. Figures alone can convey an idea of its costliness and extent. Its foundations measure three hundred and sixty-four by three hundred and fifteen feet. Each of the porticos is supported by forty-eight columns, sixty feet in height and seven feet in diameter, "all magnificent, round, and highly polished monoliths" of Finland granite, resting upon superb bases and crowned with richly wrought capitals of bronze. Upon the

frieze above them are texts in great bronze letters, such as "To the King of Kings," and "Mine house shall be called a house of prayer." In each pediment above is a colossal group in bronze. Cupolas rise from each of the four corners, and in the centre appears a huge but perfectly proportioned dome. The barrel of this, lifted high in air, is encircled by twenty-four smoothly polished granite columns ("thirty feet in height and weighing sixty-four tons each"), above which springs the dome itself, covered with gold, with a lantern above it, supporting a cross three hundred and thirty-six feet above the pavement. It is said that two hundred pounds' weight of gold were used upon the dome, and one hundred and eight pounds upon the decorations of the interior. The entire cost is said to have been sixteen and a quarter millions of dollars, — one million alone having been expended in the driving of piles for foundations, because of marshy soil.

Upon entering, our first feeling was that of disappointment. It seemed so very dark. But as the eye became accustomed to the "dim religious light," the magnificent, solemn, and stately character of the structure appeared. The effect is one of sombre, oppressive, and magnificent proportions. The great dome soars away, dingy and dull, however. One cannot help thinking

of that of St. Peter's with its heavenly blue, its cheering glory of golden stars and ornaments, and its clouds of prophets and saints, and its glad and exultant expression. Costliness of material and lavish use of the same is duly impressed upon one by the screens across the entire altar end of the building; for they are a blaze of gilding, mosaic pictures, and enormous malachite and lapis-lazuli columns with richly burnished and wrought capitals and bases of golden bronze. There are ten hollow iron columns coated with malachite, and two with lapis-lazuli more than thirty feet in height, the latter said to have cost thirty thousand dollars each. In the centre are two lofty metal gates, or doors (twenty-three feet high) of bronze, of openwork pattern, so exquisitely wrought and richly gilded as to seem of solid gold.

The Greek Church differs widely from the Romish in its forms and ritual. No instrumental music is allowed. This cathedral has a choir of men and boys that ranks second only to the Chapel Royal. As they stood upon either side of the great golden gateways, all in dark-blue robes, they looked hideous, but sang divinely. Just what the service was we knew not. The priests in gorgeous flowing robes of blue and gold brocade, and with long, unkempt, and dishevelled hair, came through the gates from

the inner shrine and walked with a swaying, commanding air to an altar against one of the central piers, and there, before a jewel-encrusted and gold-covered Madonna and child, intoned a service. Such constant attention and apparent participation in the service by the people are rarely ever seen. They cross themselves every few moments most peculiarly, repeating the motion very rapidly three times, and then bow low, or upon their knees, bend over and touch their foreheads to the earth. The effect of a large concourse thus swaying to and fro is most singular, but at the same time solemn and impressive. Those who cannot look upon the religious expression of any service, no matter how little they may sympathize with it, without a feeling of pathetic reverence and sincere respect, are to be pitied. There was more or less of candle lighting and extinguishing, and at the end the people ascended the platform, kissed fervently the picture, and passing the high priest with cap or mitre, dazzling with costly jewels, kissed the crucifix in his hand. Then the procession of priests with lordly mien passed through the crowd, entered the portals, and the great golden gates were closed.

There are no chairs or seats in the great church; all stand, for rich and poor are the same before God. Even the emperor stands

upon a dais, beneath a regal canopy, to one side. All around the churches are "ikons," or religious pictures of Madonnas or saints, richly framed,—some hanging upon the walls, and others supported by sumptuously carved and gilded lecterns. Only the hands and faces show as a general thing; all the rest is covered with a thin, elaborately-embossed and curiously-wrought plate of gold, often superbly ornamented with pearls, diamonds, and costly gems. The effect is rather fussy, showy, and tawdry in spite of the limitless cost, and does not accord with the stately, imposing character and dignity of the larger buildings. But none of their churches give the peculiarly solemn and spiritual impression which is the charm of so many of the great European cathedrals. The blinding blaze of gold, the riot of costly gems and priceless decorations, appeal to the sensuous and material, and while they dazzle the eyes do not so touch the sober, tender, and solemn stratum that lies somewhere in every heart. So far as observance of form indicates, the Russians are a very devout people. It is curious to note all classes and conditions of men, from officers to cabbies, as they pass on foot or in carriages the shrines and churches, repeatedly bow and cross themselves with the peculiar triple movement.

The multitude of churches, with clustered

Oriental domes surmounted by metal crosses apparently steadied by long guys, all richly gilded, is a marked feature of the city. When the atmosphere is hazy, the effect of these golden globules, or bubbles, apparently hanging in the air, is weird and striking. Every church seems to have a number of bells, the sound of which is very musical, and is more like a continuous reverberation, slightly muffled, than the sharp, quick stroke of a bell. Often it is like a continuous drooning sound, rather plaintive and subdued, and not unpleasing.

## IN ST. PETERSBURG.

UPON a small island in the rapid flowing Neva is the ancient and celebrated Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, begun by Peter the Great in 1703. It is now used as a state-prison, and encloses within its encircling walls huge barracks, the Mint, and the quaint old-time Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. This, as the burial-place of all the sovereigns of Russia (excepting Peter II.) since the founding of St. Petersburg, is the most peculiar and interesting of all the ecclesiastical edifices. The exterior is white and simple, with a tower and an excessively slender spire, the summit of which pierces the air some three hundred and two feet above the ground, and is the tallest in the realm. Covered with copper, richly and heavily gilded, it glitters and trembles in the sunlight like a golden blade or lance. In all the views over the city this delicate and slender and elegant spire is conspicuous and striking.

Passing just within the portal, a most singular scene is presented. The whole opposite or altar

end is an unbroken and solid mass of gilded carving and open-work ornamentation, over which rises a dome, and a wide nave and two aisles spread out before one. Against each side of the great square piers that support the roof and separate nave from the aisle are clustered groups of captured battle-flags, the staffs resting upon great golden bosses. Against each pier is an altar and "ikon" all ablaze with solid and brilliant gilt. Following the walls all round the building are the royal mausoleums, a ghost-like procession! There are thirty-one of them, all exactly alike, being in form similar to perfectly plain oblong boxes of pure white polished marble, the tops with bevelled edges, with each corner ornamented with a golden national double-headed eagle, and upon the slab or cover a large golden cross. Each is surmounted by a black iron fence with gilded ornaments, which gives to the interior quite a churchyard appearance. Wreaths and floral emblems lie upon them, while ivy is trained over them, and some are surrounded by palms and pots of blooming plants. It is all so white, clean, and simple that the effect is unique and harmonious. No one of less rank than an emperor or empress, grand duke or duchess, can be here interred. Here and there in the aisles stand great jardinières of palms and rare flowers. The tomb of Alexander II., who was

assassinated in 1881, was covered with freshly cut flowers, while candles burned around it, and in a huge glass-faced cabinet in the opposite wall were a large number of silver wreaths and offerings. Upon one tomb lay the two enormous keys of conquered Polish fortresses. Just beyond, between Catherine and Anne, is that of Peter the Great. Near by is a curious image of Saint Peter, "the exact size of Peter the Great at his birth," —  $19\frac{1}{4}$  by  $5\frac{1}{4}$  inches! Attached to an "ikon" near the tomb of Alexander I. is his diamond wedding-ring! The bodies are buried beneath the church pavement, and these tombs that look as if they held them only rest above them. It is a very odd and peculiar scene; but with the sumptuous gildings, the soft colors of the faded battle-flags, the lofty roof and the sunlight lying aslant these white and simple tombs, it surpasses in unostentatious richness and impressiveness any royal burial-place we have seen.

In the immediate vicinity of the fortress is a relic of the past, reverently and religiously preserved,—the cottage of Peter the Great, the first house built upon the banks of the Neva, in 1703, and inhabited by him while superintending the laying out and building of this now gay capital. It is covered or protected by a pretty square and surrounded by a little garden, and is entered

through an imposing portal with tall gilded iron gates. The house is fifty-five feet long by twenty wide, and is built of logs well planed, and has very modern looking windows, with ornamental hinges, and being well painted seems like everything but a genuine "antique." There are but two rooms, one having several pieces of old carved furniture and straight-back chairs. The other room, originally the kitchen, is now fitted up as a chapel, and is a dazzling mass of superbly gilded, framed, and faced "ikons." Service was going on, candles were burning, and the compact crowd bowing continually. Near by, under cover, is the boat of Peter the Great, which is called "the grandfather of the Russian navy." Built before his day, and found by him under a shed upon the estate of his grandfather, he caused it to be launched, and by sailing it acquired a nautical taste which resulted in the construction of a fleet. It is tenderly cared for, and kept painted exactly as in the "good old times."

Next to St. Isaac's, Kazan Cathedral is the most imposing and magnificent sacred edifice in St. Petersburg. Situated upon an open square, facing Nevski Prospect, the principal street, it presents a most majestic and noble appearance, with a continuous semi-circular colonnade of four rows of columns (one hundred and thirty-six in all) with a huge dome rising above the façade.

It is called the Russian St. Peter's, but the resemblance is not striking. It is in the form of a Latin cross, a most unusual thing. Were it a Roman church the interior would be very fine, while it is really, because of the gilded screens and showy "ikons," flags, and stalls for sale of candles, etc., decidedly "shoppy" and unimpressive. The long nave with two rows of columns upon either side, each a monolith of polished Finland granite (fifty-six in all) with bronze capitals and bases, and an arched coppered ceiling, is superb.

The whole eastern end is filled with "ikonastas" (a long screen), with railings, all of solid silver! There is said to be half a ton of the metal used. Then there are six huge candelabra of solid silver, each weighing two hundred pounds. But with all the golden frame-work and paintings and silver screens, etc., the effect is neither rich nor handsome, but tawdry, theatrical, and bizarre. The doors of the sanctuary are of solid silver, with painted panels with saints, and, above, the name of the Almighty in diamond letters! Upon one side of the doors hangs a copy of the miraculous Kazan picture of the Virgin, covered, save the face and hands, with the finest and most delicately wrought mat of gold, — literally covered with the richest and most costly gems. The value is over seventy-five thousand dollars, —

diamonds by the hundreds, pearls, emeralds, and rubies without number, and in one corner a huge and superb sapphire presented by a late grand duchess. The gold is fairly incrusted with these jewels, left in their original settings. Near by is another with ten large sapphires and as many good-sized emeralds. Nowhere have we seen such lavish and costly votive offerings of jewels as in the Russian churches. The interior is also made martial by conquered battle-flags and the great keys of a large number of subjugated fortresses, hanging upon brass panels ; so that visitors from Hamburg, Dresden, Leipsic, Utrecht, and Rheims can see their city and fortress keys displayed as trophies in a most ornamental manner. Somehow the interior does not look "churchly" nor even religious, although there is no limit to cost or spectacular effect.

The Gallery or Museum of Peter the Great is without exception the most unique, dainty, and interesting of all the sights. The rooms devoted to this fascinating exhibit are in the Winter Palace, but connected with and only approached from the Hermitage by a covered and inclosed bridge-like passage. The suite looks as if a long corridor, overlooking a court, had been divided into a succession of small rooms, each with a domed ceiling and with little chandeliers. The first bring that strange, gigantic character — Peter the

Great — vividly before one, for they contain a “collection of objects of art and industry, illustrative of his life and activity.”

A versatile genius was Peter, to say the least. Strange things to associate with an emperor are the rude, well-used turning-lathes and tools for carving! Stranger still the specimen of his handiwork! His head evidently was never uneasy from wearing the crown. The eight-hour law would never have bound such a tireless, energetic digger and delver in all branches of knowledge. Mathematical instruments in great variety, telescopes by the dozen, and cases of books tell of mental as well as physical activity. His gigantic stature is impressed upon the visitor by an effigy, clad in a court dress of the period embroidered by Catherine I. for her coronation fêtes. His heavy iron staff and sword suggest Goliath of old. Numerous casts and portraits of his face before and after death, several of his favorite dogs (stuffed), the horse he rode in battle, medals of important events during his reign, a great variety of coins, portraits of his “right-hand men,” and a most amusing effigy of his housekeeper in Holland fill several rooms. In strange contrast with all the homely and matter-of-fact accessories of his life is an elaborate and open gilt chariot sometimes used by him. Russia does well to hoard these recollections of a strange, busy, and

fruitful life, for she stands to-day because of his foundation.

The other rooms are crowded with cabinets and cases, filled with the most choice and curious specimens of jewelry, silver, china, etc., all associated with successive sovereigns of Russia, — a dazzling and most interesting display. One curious structure is called a time-piece, but is more like a shrub six or eight feet high, with a superb and enormous peacock, a "rooster," an owl, grasshoppers; and a little of everything, all in brilliant colors. It is now broken; but we were assured that as the cock crowed the hour, the peacock expanded his beautiful tail, and the owl rolled up his eyes, and the grasshoppers, etc., ate the mushrooms! "A case of small boxes, left by various sovereigns," gives no idea of the richness, delicacy, and costliness of the articles contained in it. One presented by a sultan of Turkey has his portrait in miniature encircled by superb diamonds; another has a pathetic interest with its miniature of Marie Antoinette and her children, for it was given on the scaffold by Louis XVI. to his valet. All are wrought with the exquisite delicacy of a piece of jewelry, and are marvellous to behold. Then follow beautiful historical miniatures, richly mounted in gold. A long gallery-like room had countless historical curiosities, knick-knacks and jewels, silver toilet-sets, rare

Limoge enamelled dishes, carving in ivory, enormous pearls, salvers, caskets, and inkstands, silver filigree models and other articles, Japanese and Chinese gold and silver ornaments, exquisite crystal cups, precious stones, diamonds and rubies set in strange devices of parrots, bouquets, caskets, etc., and a superb service of tea china presented to somebody or other by a king of Prussia.

To give a better idea of the lavish profusion and the intrinsic costliness of this display we need only say that we counted eighty-seven superb enamelled and jewelled watches, many with unique and exquisite chatelaines, and sixty-nine delicate and beautiful snuff-boxes! And then the articles in glass, in exquisite gold filigree and in ivory, twisted and wrought into quaint and beautiful devices, are countless. Even such prosaic things as pocket-books and porte-monnaies are jewelled and adorned with miniatures and strange devices in gold and silver, and lie there as if they cost nothing. And finger-rings of all descriptions exhaust your last "oh!" and "ah!" One is filled with wonder that precious stones and metals can be shaped in such an infinite variety of forms of utility and ornament. Conspicuous among the silver was the huge and magnificent wine-tank, a reproduction of which graces the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and one looks as well as the other.

It seems just like making a catalogue, to try to tell of the articles in a place like this, but only in this way can an idea be given of the extreme richness and intrinsic value of it. And to think that a succession of comparatively small rooms contains them all. Alas! the wealth that lies idle and tied up in the collections of St. Petersburg and Moscow alone is enough to relieve the wants of an empire. It may be narrow and small, but one cannot help having some queer thoughts as he looks upon the extreme contrasts of Russian life.

## THE HERMITAGE.

THE good people (and their name is legion) who so confidently affirm that there is not enough to see in Russia to pay for the trouble, fatigue, and expenditure of the trip, should be set down for a single day in the Hermitage, the magnificent repository of superb art treasures, which has scarcely a peer in all Europe. Many of the Continental museums contain simply "collections," and "collections" pure and simple cover a multitude of artistic sins. Anything from the jaws of the past finds room in their capacious maws, and some embryo Ruskin insists there is beauty in every piece. But here is a treasure-house, indeed, with scarce an object "common or unclean" or even mediocre,— and so beautifully housed! Only the accumulations of the matchless Pitti in Florence fare so sumptuously. The collections of the Louvre in Paris, the Belvedere in Vienna (now in new costly buildings), the Uffizi in Florence, and the National Gallery in London line the walls of regular museum buildings; but the Pitti and the

Hermitage have a palace, gorgeous and rich with regal purple and fine linen, all to themselves. And wonderfully "at home" and "to the manner born" do they seem!

Adjoining and so connected by covered passageways with the great Winter Palace as to seem a part of it, this immense structure (375 by 573 feet) in pure Greek style, of costly material and faultless workmanship, enclosing open courts, etc., stretches along and faces the Neva, in striking beauty and imposing magnificence. Its grand entrance is peculiar, being protected by a porch with massive roof, sustained by ten huge gray polished-granite figures, some twenty-two feet in height. Within, one scarcely knows which way to turn,—whether to mount at once the majestic and imposing staircase, with its array of princely and superb monolithic columns of granite and its richly polished balustrades of white Carrara marble, which leads to the "salons" where hang the seventeen hundred paintings, gems culled from a collection numbering four thousand; or to make the round of the numerous rooms upon the ground floor, with their rich and varied collections of Greek and Roman sculpture, Scythian, Siberian, Oriental, and Russian antiquities and relics, and countless articles of elegance and beauty. What a bewildering mass it is! Antique statues and casts, fragments of Greek and Roman

sculpture, vases and tazzas fill room after room. One superb tazza, or shallow bowl, of green jasper stands eight feet in height and with circumference of fifty feet. There is here an intensely interesting collection of articles found in the Cimmerian Bosphorus, which attest the existence of Greek colonies along the north shore of the Black Sea fully six hundred years before Christ, — sarcophagi, figurines, vessels of silver, gold, and glass, toilet articles of ivory, decorated vases, jewelry of delicate design and exquisite workmanship, and articles of male and female adornment and attire. The gems and the richly worked articles of jewelry, bracelets, necklaces, etc., are marvellous in detail and design. A library, a collection of choicest engravings, an interesting lot of Pompeian trophies, drawings by the old masters, and a collection of Etruscan and Greek vases numbering thirteen hundred, "as fine as any in the world," constitute some of the attractions. There is also an invaluable array of exquisite arms and armors, silver, jewels, ivories, enamels, amber, and choice articles of "virtu," a collection transferred intact from the old palace of Tsarskoe Selo, a museum of itself. One large room is filled with arms, etc., richly enamelled and jewelled, presented by Eastern or Oriental potentates. One long case is filled with jewelled saddles, cloths, bridles, holsters, and all

sorts of horse-trappings, presented by the Sultan of Turkey in 1829 to Nicholas I. after the treaty of Adrianople. One saddle-cloth of delicate lilac velvet had an embroidered border, inwrought with small festoons and tassels of diamonds, pretty enough for a lady's bodice. The accompanying stirrups were of gold, and every possible place in the set was studded with flashing diamonds, some of goodly size. The two richest sets are valued at seventy-five thousand dollars. These, with sword-cases and swords, ablaze with brilliant and costly gems (presented to successive emperors), make a dazzling and glittering array. And then there are rooms with personal articles, — field-glasses, silver dishes, and toilet appliances taken from Napoleon in the Russian retreats. Did we *see* all these things? No! we *looked* at them! To really *see* them, weeks and months would be consumed; but even a *look* is a memory of form and color, of magnificence and lavishness for a lifetime!

Up and up the grand marble staircase so imposing and palatial, and, presto! opening before you in breathless richness and magnificence are the picture and art galleries. Several devoted to the paintings are lofty and extensive, and are sumptuously hung with crimson satin, a beautiful background for the priceless gems. Tall and magnificent vases, tazzas, and enormous cande-

labra of malachite, lapis-lazuli, green and gray jasper, and lovely pink rhodenite, with trimmings of gorgeous ormolu, stand in all their glory of form and color through the centre; while massive gold and antique dark wood furniture, chairs, lounges, etc., and tables with great slabs of precious marbles, stand around the border of the rooms. The collection of paintings is unusually fine, and while there are some subjects one would part with, yet as works of art and specimens of the respective masters there is scarcely one that is not a gem. The charm of it is the hanging and grouping together in sumptuous apartments of such a large number of each respective artist's works, whereby the peculiar characteristics of composition, drawing, and color are accentuated, and can be better learned and judged than when, as is usual, they are separated and scattered all over various rooms. For instance, in the Spanish rooms eighteen Murillos hang together, and his wondrous and delicious coloring makes a lasting impression. Separately, it did not seem to us any were as fine as his Saint Anthony at Berlin, the Saint John at Vienna, or the Madonnas at the Pitti. In the centre is a lovely Repose in Egypt, or Holy Family, with a mass of melting and glowing tints encircling the Divine babe. A lovely Saint John recalls vividly that of the Belvedere at Vienna, only the position of the lamb is

different and the guileless face not so beautiful. Two Assumptions quite suggest the famous Immaculate Conception in the Louvre, having the same golden indescribable glory about the head and face. Opposite hang six or eight portraits by Velasquez, dark, rich, and mysterious in hue and expression. Another large room has glorious pictures by Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Domenichino, the Caraccis, Carlo Maratta, Carlo Dolce, and Guido. Another has specimens of the Flemish school, with numerous portraits, etc., by Rubens and Van Dyck. Rubens' celebrated portrait of his second wife, that we so often see in engravings as the "Chapeau de Paille," hangs here. His rose-leaf pinks are always a delight; his over-fat figures always a disgust! But Van Dyck, — one cannot get away from the indescribable charm of his portraits and their marvellous coloring and life-likeness.

The Italian rooms are full of fine specimens, but are meagre compared with galleries we have seen. In one hangs Raphael's Madonna called the "Maison d'Alba," — a circular canvas with the Virgin, Infant Christ, and Saint John. It is like all of Raphael's pictures, full of "sweetness and light," with grace in every line. It is serious and impressive in expression, for the Infant Christ seems already to know the meaning of the cross-suggested staff, and to be imparting it to

the child Saint John; while the Virgin seems also to see the prophetic vision, and to feel already the sword entering her soul. One of the loveliest of the Italian school is a Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto, exquisite in color, and so natural in position and expression. In Rembrandts the gallery is rich indeed. It is said that nowhere (not even in Holland) can he be studied as well as here, for every period and subject of his rapidly changing style is illustrated by superb specimens and masterpieces. The familiar and often etched portrait of John III. Sobieski of Poland is here, and is a marvellous work. When one stands close to it, it looks like a daub. Three feet away, every line is as clear and distinct as a Messonier. This collection alone is worth the journey. What a wonderful artist he was! It may be heresy, but it seemed to us that the vigorous portraits of Rembrandt, Bal, Franz Hals, and Van Dyck are worth more from an artistic standpoint than all the dreamy, mystical pictures of the Italian schools.

Other rooms are brilliant and fascinating, with pictures of the English, Dutch, German, French, and Russian schools. The "Hobbema's," the "Cuyps," the "Wouvermans," and a wonderful dog by Paul Potter are simply exquisite. No wonder the collection is so fine, for it contains the gems of three celebrated galleries, — the

Crozat, the Walpole, and the Malmaison of the Empress Josephine, to which have been added the best of the collection of Queen Hortense and several titled connoisseurs, with here and there some choice work picked up at the occasional great sales. And as if this was not enough, there is a numismatic collection, and one long noble room filled with fifty or more superb cases containing a bewildering collection of engraved gems and cameos, "one of the largest in existence," all appropriately and richly mounted in gold, and displayed most satisfactorily. It comprises the "cabinet of the Duke of Orleans purchased by Catherine II.," with each gem set in dull or deadened gold. There are exquisite cameos presented by Josephine and other sovereigns, — a most bewitching display, for every one, modern or antique, bears the closest inspection and examination.

But hold! is not all this enough to explain why some of the happiest hours of an extensive European tour were passed in these enchanted halls? And when all was done, and the hour of our departure drew nigh, was it a wonder that we turned away from the old city for an hour's stroll through them, to say a long and last "good-by"? In other galleries and cities the feeling that we might some day come again was strong and comforting within us; but here we felt

that never again would these mortal eyes of ours look upon and revel in this the crowning glory of St. Petersburg ; and so we turned away with a genuine “feeling of sadness and longing,” which *was* wonderfully “akin to pain.”

## PETERHOF.

ONE sunny morning, taking a small handsome steamer, we passed rapidly down the gradually widening Neva, and came ere long into the broad expanse of the Gulf of Finland, whose low-lying verdant shores sparkling with occasional gleam of gilded dome or roof, and whose distant islands and fortifications and forest of shipping of far-away Cronstadt glistening in the sunlight, presented a beautiful scene. At the end of an hour and a quarter we reached the wharf at Peterhof.

There is here quite a village, and embosomed in the trees numerous villas occupied in summer by the wealthy classes; a very extensive park, miles in extent, which our courier declared it was "impossybeel" to drive through in "von day;" a magnificent palace begun in 1720 by Peter the Great ; and full a mile away the gleaming roofs and towers of Alexandria, the private residence of the Czar, where the court always assembles at midsummer.

Taking a landau at the wharf, we drove to the lower park, which skirts the shore of the inland sea. Although perfectly level, it is densely and skilfully planted with a great variety of deciduous and evergreen trees, so that with the long straight paths, carriage and bridle roads, stretching away through the woods to immense distances, forming vistas of breathless and exquisite beauty, a constant change of scene and effect is given. One moment we were in a dandelion-starred open field; the next between wild cherry-trees in full bloom, simulating immense snow-drifts ; or by great forest-trees or superb balsams, with constantly the long cool vistas radiating in every direction, and often terminating with a statue or picturesque summer-house, or giving glimpses of the old palace, with its golden domes, upon a terrace sixty feet above, with curious water-works and fountains.

As we drove along, entertained with the outlook, we came suddenly upon Marly, the celebrated and favorite resort of Peter the Great, — a square villa, with double mansard roof, facing an extensive oblong artificial fish-pond, and overlooking at the rear a large semicircular mirror-like pool, with three bridges, radiating like the spokes of a wheel. Alas! the “spring cleaning,” whitewashing, etc., that has seemed to be going on *everywhere* since we left Venice (which

*never* knows such an experience) was here in full blast, and consequently the pretty little villa was in disorder. The furniture and square-bottom high back chairs were not unlike the old Dutch bits we gather with such avidity at home. The little kitchen was tastefully and entirely lined with blue-and-white Dutch tiles. In his bedroom, which was hung with chintz, we saw his bed, writing-table, etc., and a blue-and-white brocade dressing-gown, presented to him by the Shah of Persia. It was an attractive house, and the outlook from doors and windows so lovely that a body would not mind having it for the summer. In some of the rooms were "ikons," so small and so inconspicuously placed as easily to be unnoticed. Yet any failure to at least lift the hat would have given great offence and genuine shock. As we passed out the old custodian stepped to the edge of the pond, rang a bell, and for our amusement fed the carp, which rose in great numbers.

A little way farther on we came to the Hermitage, a pretty little villa near the seashore, surrounded by a moat, which was a favorite resort of Catherine II. Here too the "spring cleaning" was in progress, and confusion reigned. The dining-room was in the second story, and contained a most curious arrangement, — an oval table so constructed that every dish could be

changed and served from the room below, thus avoiding the presence of an attendant who could hear everything that was said. It was covered with a white cloth, upon which lay fifteen plates and centre-pieces. When they were to be changed, a little cord in front of each one, connecting with small bells below, was pulled. Then a servant in the lower room drew the plate down (which rested upon a tiny trap door) and replaced it with the next course. In like manner the centre-pieces were changed also. The table-cloth, of course, was cut and fitted. We saw the apparatus below, which was very curious and amusing. The same thing can be seen in the apartments of Frederick the Great at Sans Souci, near Berlin. So close to the gulf shore and with the charming background of the park, the little villa was a lovely picture.

We drove along until we came to Montplasir, a long, low, Dutch summer-house built also in the reign of Peter the Great. As we stopped before the inclosure and looked at the large geometrically laid-out flower-garden, with the whole length faced by a red-and-white pavilion, with long low glass corridors connecting it with servants' houses, which lined either side, it was all so stiff, quaint, and old-fashioned that it seemed like a bit of Holland dropped in the heart of the Russian empire. The long pavilion has a large

central apartment, the entire height of two stories,—a quaint and attractive room, with a row of windows and doors opening upon a charming balustraded terrace looking off upon the blue and flashing waters of the gulf. There were several other rooms, with rolling and easy chairs, slippers and other mementos of Peter, and some lovely cups, saucers, and jars of old China, which fill the wayfaring man with envy. One curious Chinese room was lined with richly lacquered panels and brackets, with a multitude of tiny cups, saucers, vases, etc.

Leaving this little gem, we drove to the terrace above the park, upon which stands the old Royal Palace, begun by Peter the Great, and added to by a long line of succeeding sovereigns. But the original style is unchanged, and the color (a sort of pinkish salmon with white trimmings) the same as in his day. The palace is a long, apparently two-story and basement structure, with a chapel at either end. One of them has a large central and four small Oriental domes and roof of solid silver, the domes and ornaments being heavily gilded. It is dazzling and gorgeous, to say the least. But a more charming interior we have rarely seen. We passed upstairs, and were ushered into a great square central room, the entire walls of which were covered with a patch-work of painted heads or portraits (three hun-

dred and sixty) of various sizes, said to illustrate the costumes and styles of beauty of some fifty of the provinces of Russia, all painted for Catherine II. by one artist. The effect was very odd, although many were very beautiful. The collection made for her is said to number eight hundred and sixty-three; and the variety of positions, expressions, and costumes is certainly very remarkable.

From this we walked leisurely through some thirty apartments, ten or twelve of which in a row were drawing or reception rooms of medium and comfortable size, with walls hung with beautiful cream-white, crimson, pale-blue, yellow, and green brocaded satin and delicate tinted and embroidered china silks. The finishings of the room, such as door-frames, etc., were flamboyant with great spreading ornaments, richly gilded, which we would call "steamboaty," but which added much to the gorgeous and sumptuous effect. All the Russian palaces seem a strange combination of refinement and semi-barbarism in their fittings and ornamentation. The furniture here stood with droll precision in a straight row around the rooms, and was of gold, enamel, or rich dark woods. In several of them hung full-length portraits of various maids of honor, some dancing or playing upon instruments, but all in a merry laughing mood, and exceedingly dainty

and pretty. All through the rooms were scattered lavishly many choice bits of old furniture,—exquisite mantels, with mirror frames all of painted porcelain as dainty as a vase, tall and low clocks, beautiful tapestries, magnificent tazzas of porcelain, malachite, and rich marbles, paintings, and rare bric-à-brac. The truth is, one is dazed and bewildered by the unlimited expenditure in the Russian palaces.

Parallel with these rooms are several suites of sleeping, dressing, and sitting rooms, only used when royal visitors are entertained. They are exquisitely furnished, and with their satin and cretonne-covered walls, rich carpetings, draperies, and every conceivable decorative and toilet articles, are marvels of beauty and refinement. The sleeping-room, occupied two years ago by the present Emperor William of Germany, was profusely hung with white brocade satin, and had a superb cheval glass with porcelain frame, delicately painted, with toilet paraphernalia to correspond. Their suites were cozy and "liveable," and possessed an air of refinement not found in the larger ones. All commanded lovely outlooks upon the surrounding park.

Returning to the portrait-room, we passed into the grand state apartments, all two stories in height, and fairly riotous with costly and magnificent but not always tasteful ornamentation.

They seem so fond of gold, for it is used literally by the rod! But that was a peculiarity of the age in which the palace was built. Perhaps nowadays just as much gold would be used, but certainly in a more refined and less bizarre method. A large concert-room was lined with white relievos upon delicately tinted grounds. Ante-rooms were in white and gold; and a superb ball-room was a blaze of gold and dazzle of white, enriched by crimson draperies. But the royal banqueting-hall was ornamentation and gold "run mad." Everywhere upon the walls of the immense apartment were flowing ornaments, running like a wild growth, all richly gilded, and having often a mirror for a background. And yet with all this fabulous expenditure there was no real beauty. From the central window a lovely vista is obtained through the woods, clear out to the sea, beginning with a succession of terraces profusely ornamented with gilded statues, fountains, cascades, and flower-borders, beyond which is a watercourse like a canal, with graceful marble-basined fountains at intervals upon either side. It has a most festive and fairy-like appearance.

We drove for an hour in the park in the rear of the palace, passing at first numerous attendant buildings, in one of which like an extensive china warehouse was the china, etc., used at

royal balls and banquets, arranged upon shelves to the ceiling, and in each window a tall epergne, all richly decorated. We came to a little lake, and crossing by a raft to a pretty island, visited a sort of classic and Pompeian tea-house. It was daintiness itself, with its profusion of small bronzes, pretty interior court, with its fountain and little porches and terraces where one could sit and dream for hours, with the loveliest outlook imaginable in every direction, over pretty waters and shady park. Upon this island is an oak raised from an acorn from "George Washington's home," which the plate attached says "was presented to Nicholas I., 1838, by George Sumner" (a brother of Charles). We took off our hats; for this memento of our immortal Washington, way off in this far-away land, was thrilling. The park seemed with its drives, its hills and dales, its variety of buildings, well-nigh endless. As far as we could see all was "park," and beyond it were the blue waters, over which, somewhat wearied with splendor, we passed rapidly at the close of the day to St. Petersburg.

## TSARSKOE SELO.

“WHAT under the sun is Tsarskoe Selo ?” says one. And no wonder, for without a knowledge of Russ the words give no more suggestion of their meaning (“the Czar’s village”) than their pronunciation (“Sarko Sel-low”) does of the name itself. Yet it is not the Czar’s village that one goes out on a railway journey of an hour from St. Petersburg “for to see,” but the czar’s favorite summer palace. He possesses the immense Winter Palace, which took us two hours to walk through; lovely Peterhof with its large and smaller residences ; Tsarskoe Selo with its wilderness of apartments, and Gatchina with its six hundred rooms, where he resides now most of the time; to say nothing of smaller palaces, Moscow, etc., and the year is only twelve months long. A man, however, is not to be blamed for his inheritance. It was a pleasant journey in cars quite like our own American conveyances. We had a “Commissionnaire” of course ; one cannot get along with the jaw-breaking language and eye-bewildering alphabet of Russia without

such a companion. We chanced to have a man who for years was attached to the American legation, a bright, gentlemanly fellow. We suggested his holding the tickets lest we should lose them. "I navare lose anythink," he replied, "except—my first wife; and I feel so bad."

It was a good ten minutes' drive from the station to the old palace, but through wide handsome streets lined with tasteful and pretty villas and cottages, the summer residences of the wealthy classes of St. Petersburg. They were so wonderfully like our seaside resorts or pretty country towns that we did not feel far away. Some idea of the extent and importance of the Royal possession can be gained from the fact that the park is some eighteen miles in circumference, with woods of larch and birch, handsome gateways, and immediately around the palaces superb and lovely gardens. Originally a zoölogical garden, etc., of the marvellous Peter the Great, it became a royal residence in time of Catherine I., but was brought to its present magnificence through the care of that man in draperies, Catherine II.

We drove directly to the old palace, little dreaming of the surprise and magnificence that awaited us ; for compared with the apartments of this, everything we have seen in Europe must "pale its ineffectual fires." The structure of white, with green-bronze gilt ornaments, stretches

away with a façade of seven hundred and eighty feet, broken by porches and slight projections, upheld by enormous caryatides or "hermes." Originally every capital, base, and ornament was covered with solid gold. The state apartments are in a straight line along the front of the palace, so that one stands at either end, and looks through a vista of golden glittering doorways a distance of seven hundred and eighty feet. The private rooms are in parallel suites, but overlook the forests and park. One's supply of adjectives and ejaculations fairly gives out, as room after room, all ablaze with unlimited gold and colors and superb painted ceilings, are visited. The furniture too is all so very beautiful, the old Chinese and modern porcelains so rare and choice, and the tables, etc., of priceless lapis-lazuli and malachite so wonderful! Everything is as fresh and clean as if the czar was expected in a few hours. Nowhere have we seen such profusion of odd and beautiful furniture, or such a really choice collection of porcelain; and we had time enough to see everything fully,—a rare experience.

We began with the chapel at one end,—an immense and lofty affair, the walls of which were entirely in dark blue, with profusion of gilded ornaments. We saw it from the room in the second story, where the emperor and

empress stand, which overlooks the whole interior. Then we passed slowly through lovely rooms, large and small,—boudoirs, etc., with hangings of cretonne, Japanese silk, and damasks; a dining-room with pale green stucco; a reception-room with hangings of white satin and gold, paintings, malachite ornaments, and huge porcelain stoves reaching to the lofty ceiling; one with imitation tortoise-shell panels, and another in silver and blue; one pure white, with immense buffets laden with a dozen peerless Chinese jars and plaques, and another white and gold with choicest porcelains, and others with columns of gold, rich wood finishings, superb Russian vases, all bewildering in size, decorations, costly bronzings, and priceless bric-à-brac.

Three rooms, however, surpass all others we have ever seen. One is an immense apartment, lofty and square, with side walls covered with thin sheets of “amber” in a sort of crazy-quilt or hit-or-miss pattern, producing a soft, mottled, and pleasing appearance. Upon this at regular intervals are fitted engraved metal mouldings, forming panels. The amber is so fitted over these that the glitter of the silver and the pattern of the design show through. The corners are finished with exquisite ornaments carved out of different shades of amber as finely as if for personal adornment. Large Florentine mosaic

pictures are fitted in these panels. Mouldings, cornices, and profuse ornaments about the room, are all richly carved and polished. The Russian Arms appear in the wainscoting, while above the cornice is a frieze of mottled effect, upon which are a large number of golden candle-brackets. In each window stands a large glass cabinet filled with boxes, etc., of various colored and wrought amber. Slender mirrors are inserted at intervals in the walls. The effect is very lovely and pleasing, for the combined tints are so mellow and delicious. The amber was presented by Frederick the Great of Prussia to Catherine II., and very appropriately in the centre of the room stands a miniature model of the Berlin statue, etc., of Frederick.

Another is the famous "Lapis-lazuli" room, which is, without exception, the most superb and magnificent apartment we have seen anywhere. The stone is found in Russia, and never in large pieces, and is very costly. The color is so exquisite one never tires of it, as of malachite. It varies in tints, some being light, but generally it is of a rich deep-blue, with flecks and streaks of lighter hue and of gold. It is of course incrusted work, the stone being sawed in very thin slices and applied to walls, slabs, etc. The room is oblong, and of beautiful proportions. Cornice, frieze, and wainscot, etc., are

all of bands of the precious stone in alternate shades, held in place by narrow mouldings of gold. In two corners are chimneys, with mantelpieces and mirror frames, all of the lovely stone with delicate ormolu trimmings. At each end, skilfully blended with the whole design, are cherubs in white marble upholding ormolu candelabra, — a combination of color, gold, glass, and marble indescribably charming and refined. The doors are like polished rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; while the floor is in a rich floriated mosaic of ebony and other costly woods, with mother-of-pearl flowers and rosettes. Pendant from the centre of the ceiling is an immense chandelier, entirely of delicately, exquisitely wrought ormolu and lapis-lazuli. It hangs a great graceful mass of lovely blue and gold, as if floating in the air, — a marvel of design and workmanship. Unlike most palatial halls, the furniture stood out in groups all over the room, with a variety of coverings and tables of ormolu and lapis-lazuli to carry the tone through all. Nothing could be more rich, refined, and exquisite than the general air and expression of this room, for it was a harmony, a symphony in color, a triumph of design, and an “apotheosis” of Russia’s choicest mineral production.

The other room was the Chinese Drawing-

room, — a very long two-storied hall-like apartment, with side walls covered with panels of gayly decorated lacquer, all fitly joined together by scarlet, gold, and black mouldings. Small lacquered tables, chairs, screens, and pedestals, with enormous jars and lovely *étagères* covered with vases, etc., fill the room. Everywhere there is some priceless jar or plaque; and although it is a mass of glossy black, fiery scarlet, and gold, and of floral and figure decoration, it is harmonious and pleasing.

A gorgeous ball-room one hundred and eighty feet long, a blaze of solid gold, crystal chandeliers for forty-eight hundred candles, mirrors, and rich draperies, and several other large rooms, beautifully decorated with central rows of jasper, malachite, and other precious Russian stones, vases, and tazzas, completed the list. In one was a sort of toboggan slide, of richly polished wood, with prettily railed stairway to one side. Seated upon velvet rug-like cushions, one could slide quietly some thirty to fifty feet.

We were extremely fortunate in seeing the private rooms parallel with these, as they are not often shown. There were bedrooms, boudoirs, and dressing-rooms in suites, hung in white satin and gold, Japanese embroidered silks and lovely brocades, with exquisite furniture, dainty knick-knacks, and a few fine pictures. Those of Alex-

ander I., who died in the north in a peasant's cottage, look as if just vacated; for his boots and slippers stand behind his iron camp bedstead, his cap lies on a chair, his toilet articles are spread out upon a dressing-table, and his shaving-glass and handkerchief lie near by. All these private rooms are charming in color, decorations, and furnishings, and look as if they could be lived in.

At the extreme end of the palace is a dainty suite of small rooms, used by the late empress, for years an invalid. From these one is ushered upon an elevated terrace overlooking a beautiful undulating part of the park, in English style, with great masses of shrubbery here and there upon a lovely lake. It was tranquillizing and restful. Upon this terrace was a "tea-house" with small rooms at either end and a long one between, with exquisite ceiling and rows of marble columns. One of the small rooms was lined with polished red marble with delicate trimmings of ormolu, all finished as finely and minutely as a clock or set of mantel ornaments. Beyond this, also upon the terrace, was a long classic building (four hundred and twenty feet), — a summer banqueting-hall surrounded by a colonnade of marble columns, with between them fine bronze replicas of celebrated busts and statuary. The colonnade was simply charming, for

it was lifted high above and looked off upon verdant knolls and quiet waters. No wonder this end of the palace, this terrace and tea-house, have been the favorite resting-places of successive empresses.

We went downstairs and passed through the study, library, uniform and military trophy-rooms of the late emperor Alexander II. They were full of arms, miniature models of soldiers, etc. War, war, everywhere! But some rooms were full of photographs of his family. The writing-materials, knick-knacks, etc., were all placed as naturally as if just left. We passed through some fifty to sixty rooms, many of which were wild, riotous, and barbaric in glitter, gorgeousness, and lavish expenditure, and we were tired! After driving for some five or ten minutes, we walked through the New Palace, the home of the Crown Prince. The rooms are large and handsome, but everything as modern as at one of our palatial hotels. The wind came up keen and cold, and a short drive in the park, with its multitude of lovely vistas, flowering shrubs, etc., quite satisfied us, and we gladly turned our faces toward St. Petersburg again.





*Russian "Cabby."*



## A CHANGE OF BASE.

ALL tourists are subject to periodical attacks of economy. Blessed is he who, acting under this hallucination, makes no exasperating or egregious mistakes. You can go from St. Petersburg to Moscow in fourteen or eighteen hours, as you like. By taking the slower train we found we would have the same cars, more hours of daylight on the road, see more of the country, and save our money. And so we left at half-past three one afternoon, and at 9.30 the next morning rolled into "Holy Moscow."

The Nicholas Railway is a fine one, built by Winans, of Baltimore, for the Emperor Nicholas, at an enormous cost. It is a standard joke that some prominent Englishman asked a royal visitor if he had seen the old contract for the Nicholas Railway; for if not, he had missed the greatest curiosity in Russia. It brought Winans a fortune, for every proviso piled on additional dollars; but Russia as a result has a first-class railway. The survey was shown the emperor. He asked, "Why build so long and irregular a

road?" They replied, "Because of the towns." He called for a map, and with a rule drew a straight line from St. Petersburg to Moscow, saying, "There is the survey." "But what will become of the towns?" they asked. "The towns may come to the railway," he said; for fighting old emperor that he was, like all the rest of them, he cared only for "rapid transit" for his troops in case of need.

We had a very handsome "sleeper," much more comfortable than the ones from Berlin. There was little to see. Miles and miles of cultivated and half-cleared level land, with rarely anything but slight undulations, but all so green and fresh; acres of balsams and birches and pretty linemen's houses all the way. The station-houses were unusually large and handsome, with pretty gardens and fine dining-rooms and restaurants. Frequently when the train stopped, boys would come with great glasses or tumblers of tea, and biscuits.

You will never know what *tea* is until you go to Russia. The Russians seem as inveterate tea-drinkers as the English, but theirs is a very different article. Everywhere is seen the "Samovar," which insures *boiling* water, which is poured over the tea, and immediately it is ready. Then you have none of the dark, acrid, bitter decoction which in nine places out of ten

in Europe is served under this name, but a clear, brilliant, amber liquid, fragrant and enticing, "fit for the Gods." They contend also that the tea, having been brought overland, is more delicate in flavor, and that the long sea-voyage and confinement in clammy holds of vessels destroy the aroma. Be this as it may, it is a fact that at hotels, cafés, and along the railroads the beverage is uniformly delicious, while elsewhere it is rarely palatable. Everywhere the people may be seen drinking it, when not pulling at *vodka*, the vile native whiskey. They say that when the Apostles were sent out without anything, the one who was a Russian came back and asked if he could not take a little tea.

As we had arranged to visit for a few days in the country an English friend who had resided in Russia some thirty years or more, we did not stop in Moscow, but went immediately to another station a few blocks away. As we drew near, there was evidently "something in the air." A great crowd was assembled, and through a long space kept open were laid beautiful scarlet carpets, from the curb to within the entrance. "Heigh ho!" we said, "we are going to see the czar!" A few moments later an open carriage drew up, with two gentlemen in uniform, and then one with two ladies; and we learned that it was the Grand Duke Sergius, brother of the czar

and governor of Moscow, and his retinue "going up to the temple," or rather the monastery of Troitsa some fifty miles away, to pray! Gentlemen in evening dress and military uniform were moving quickly about. We were permitted to stand by a window overlooking the platform and train. Along the length of the platform was laid a pale-blue carpet, dainty enough for a boudoir. It was impossible to look at this pageant,—all these scarlet and blue covered walks, this sumptuous train, this army of gold-laced and uniformed officials hurrying to and fro, this gayly-attired court going up to the temple to pray,—and not think of the command, "When thou prayest enter into thy closet," and of the poor fellow who scarcely dared to lift his eyes with his "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

For an hour after leaving, we passed through a lovely country, almost every station showing a number of pretty summer villas. Richly dressed ladies and children awaited the trains,—the ladies invariably without bonnets, but often with handsome lace scarf-s and elegant parasols. We left the train at Pushkin, between twenty and thirty miles from Moscow. A carriage awaited us, and we drove by a perfectly smooth road across a beautifully undulating country highly cultivated, a stretch of living green, a distance of sixteen miles. Away over

a sweep of miles we would see a gold-crested dome or tower, or the roofs and tall chimneys of manufactories, or the gleam of villages.

Our friend was in charge of a large cotton-mill belonging to a company. The grounds were extensive, with a fine villa and garden for the "Master," residences for the physician and overseer, a hospital, a school for five hundred children, large buildings for employees, shops, and a beautiful Greek church. Some fifteen hundred hands were employed, and the mills were fine and extensive. As we stood by the bales of American cotton we felt we were citizens of no mean country. It seemed strange that this cotton from New Orleans should be carded and cleaned, twisted and reeled, and finally be turned out in sheetings and cotton cloth way off here in Russia. Across the road from the company's enclosure is a beautiful pine forest, with wide winding paths and seats and summer-houses, a most restful and lovely retreat. The trees are very straight and tall, and the bark takes some way from the ground a very reddish, metallic tint, which is exquisite as the sunlight slants through the green thickets. The ground is cleared of underbrush, and is very park-like. All through the turf are thousands of our little lilies of the valley growing wild; small wild-flowers dot the grass all along the public highways; large and tall dandelions,

yellow anemones, Johnny-jump-ups, violets, buttercups, and a host of tiny blue, white, and purple flowers are everywhere. In the lovely pine-woods the nightingales whistle and the cuckoo sings. Along the fields occasionally a lark soars away, and gray crows (with gray bodies and black wings) sing the same delightful monotone as with us.

On Sunday afternoon we visited a serf-village in the neighborhood. It was very picturesque, with its green-sward streets, and quaint log-houses with thatched roofs; but like the Swiss chalets at Andermatt "distance lends enchantment to the view." The serfs own the land their houses are built upon, and have also allotted to them a certain amount to cultivate; but somehow there does not seem much development or future for them. They grow wheat and buckwheat, but use the most comical and primitive ploughs and tools. What is worse, they do not want any of the modern inventions. They are more to be pitied than our southern colored population, for literally nothing is done to elevate, educate, or develop them. They look so stupid and *numb*.

We went into two of the houses, — one of the best, the other of the poorest. The latter was dreadful! One corner of the structure was partitioned off in two rooms for the human, and the rest given up to the domestic, creatures. In the stalls the horses and cattle live in the midst

of their excrements, which are never cleaned out except upon a *certain day in the year!* The rooms had a bench all round, a table, and a few rude chairs. One bench or bed was high up against the oven; another was *on top* of it; and still another was like a shelf, close to the ceiling. The other house was large, and divided into summer and winter apartments, with a bed alcove neatly curtained, and the windows draped, and the whole interior furnished with planed boards, and having rude prints and showy gilt "ikons," hanging profusely around.

They do not work on Sundays, so all the villagers were standing in picturesque groups about the houses. They are very fond of red, and wear very comical waists and full-skirted coats of skins, with fur trimming inside! About forty children followed us around, and probably were as much entertained as we were. The men all wear their hair alike, having it cut exactly as if a bowl was fitted on the head and the line of edge followed by shears.

These characteristic sights are intensely interesting, but equally painful. One cannot but feel that a fearful and almost difficult problem is to be solved and worked out in Russia. And, alas! they need that which they are the least likely to receive, — education, enlightenment, and uplifting!

## HOLY MOSCOW.

IN visiting Russia, one naturally looks for the picturesque, novel, and characteristic, and so may in a certain sense be disappointed in St. Petersburg, because, while beautiful, it is so regular and modern. But in Moscow, the "Holy City" of the Greek Church, no such emotion or wave of trouble rolls across the traveller's peaceful breast. As the waves of the sea surge round and beat against a great solitary rock, so these undulations, like great waves, rise and fall round the grand central group of gilded domes and stately Ivan tower, within the high-encircling and battlemented walls of the renowned Kremlin.

As a *sight* Moscow is unique. Its streets are narrow and crooked, opening frequently into small irregular plazas. The demolition of two encircling lines of fortifications makes possible, as in several of the large European capitals, the opening of fine wide boulevards. But the universal pavement is the exasperating, mad-denning *cobble-stone*; and the Jehus drive the

little low-wheeled vehicles "like all possessed," until every bone and nerve cry out for vengeance. Again and again have fire and sword devastated it; and in the rebuilding, palaces jostle against hovels, and a magnificent mansion with Corinthian colonnades may be close to the white-washed house of a common citizen. Hence a continual surprise is afforded as one drives through the streets, or standing upon some elevation "views the prospect o'er." Some four hundred churches and chapels, with gayly colored and profusely gilded domes and towers, give to every outlook a most picturesque feature. The river Moskva bends through the city, and from the bridges which span it some of the most pleasing views are obtained. One is kept upon the *qui vive* constantly in the streets, between the droll-looking people from the provinces, the drosky drivers who implore constantly "please to ride," and the numerous chapels.

Close to the Kremlin is a large double passage-way city-gate (called the "Resurrection") to the Kitai Gorod, or Chinese city. It is a large building, with two carriageways, principally interesting because between them upon the city side is the most characteristic sight of the place,—a small square one-story chapel, which shelters a miraculous and much revered "ikon," called the "Iberian Mother of God," brought

from Mt. Athos in 1648. It is felt to possess wonderful powers, and is carried (at large expense, of course) to the bedside of the sick, to the opening of new houses, and to wedding festivities. The little chapel is covered with gold, and has numerous beautiful hanging lamps and candelabra. Over the head of the Virgin (a dark and hideous face) is a magnificent crown of diamonds, etc., and a net of large pearls. Enormous brooches and other pieces of rich jewelry of fabulous worth are fastened here and there. The revenue is very large, part of it forming the stipend of the Metropolitan, or Bishop of Moscow. When the emperor visits the city he always drives first to this shrine and pays his devotions. It is crowded at all hours. Outside, a long line of nuns in black hold out flat cloth-covered square plates, embroidered with a cross, for contributions. It is curious to watch the crowd of droskies, carriages, and pedestrians, for drivers and all take off their hats and bow and cross themselves, at least three times. When a service is conducted before a picture, repeated obeisance made to it, and at the close the multitude are encouraged to kneel before and kiss it, it can be called by no other name than idolatry. With this view of it, the evident sincerity and unmistakable devotion of the people is pitiable, for in Moscow so many

pilgrims, the poorest and most ignorant from the rural districts, are seen, all intent upon paying devotions and seeing the sacred places of their holy city.

One afternoon we drove to the Sparrow Hills, a thickly wooded ridge across the river, two or three miles to the southwest of the city, which command a magnificent view. From this point Napoleon and his disheartened and well-nigh exhausted legions first looked upon Holy Moscow,—a glittering city literally at their feet, for it was evacuated by the Russians without a blow being struck in its defence. But the most thrilling sacrifice of modern history occurred as he entered the Kremlin the next day, for the city was fired in eleven different places by the people. As we drove across the river bridge we had the most comprehensive and picturesque view of the Kremlin obtainable, for all others are so fragmentary.

The Kremlin is to Moscow what the Acropolis is to Athens. It burst upon us like a revelation. Above the verdure and foliage of the Alexander gardens at the base of the Kremlin hill rose the red flower-like battlement of the walls, broken by varied and picturesque towers at frequent intervals, and beyond, the great regular salmon-colored pile of the treasury and the royal palace with its crown and crest of

gold; while still farther away, like globules or bubbles floating in the air, rose the numerous gilded clustered domes of the Ascension and Assumption cathedrals and the lofty stately tower of Ivan. Glistening and flashing in the full blaze of the afternoon sun it was a suggestive, Oriental, and poetical picture. We were far enough away to make us unconscious of the material. Had it all been of richest marbles and precious stones it could not have been more exquisite in color, more picturesque in grouping, or more graceful in outline. It was a scene that set one dreaming and seeing some things that are invisible. These churches and buildings that look so beautiful in paintings and photographs need to be seen from a distance, for they are white, blue, green, and red washed, and while picturesque and charming in general effect are cheap and tawdry in detail. Yet in the haze they are tremulous with beauty, and in the broad sunlight they are often transfigured.

The drive took us past several very fine and palatial looking hospitals, homes, and summer residences of Moscow merchants, churches with green and red, pale-blue and cream and great golden domes, and gave us through the trees occasional pretty glimpses of the old city. We stopped at a beautiful public park, — Neskutchy, also called Sans Souci. A long straight avenue

with four rows of trees leads to the entrance of the grounds, which are laid out about as any park or country place is with us, only they cannot keep the grass as a lawn. The grounds rolled beautifully, and were charmingly diversified and planted most effectively. The bank sloped gradually to the river; wild-flowers of crimson hue, bells of purple tint, and blossoms of white and yellow dotted the grassy bank, and walks around in every direction, giving repeated and charming vistas and pretty glimpses of the little river and the distant country through the trees. We drove on, past the Alexandrina Palace and park, until we came to a little group of Russian log and fancifully decorated houses and a gay café. Leaving the carriage we passed through the café to a terrace in the rear, all unconscious of what joys awaited us. The café and its terrace stand upon the crest of the ridge of the Sparrow Hills. The bank drops suddenly away. Beneath us, pleasant park-like gardens, with fine forest-trees and shady walks, stretch away to the river's edge, which bends like a huge horseshoe in either direction out of sight. Stretched out directly before us, in this hoop-like enclosure of the river, was a richly cultivated plain dotted with little picturesque huts and farm-houses and masses of trees, with not a rod but was beautiful. Beyond lay the long level

mass of white houses, buried in verdure, broken by innumerable towers and domes, brilliant with touch of carmine, blue, and green, and flashing with gold of the ancient city of Holy Moscow.

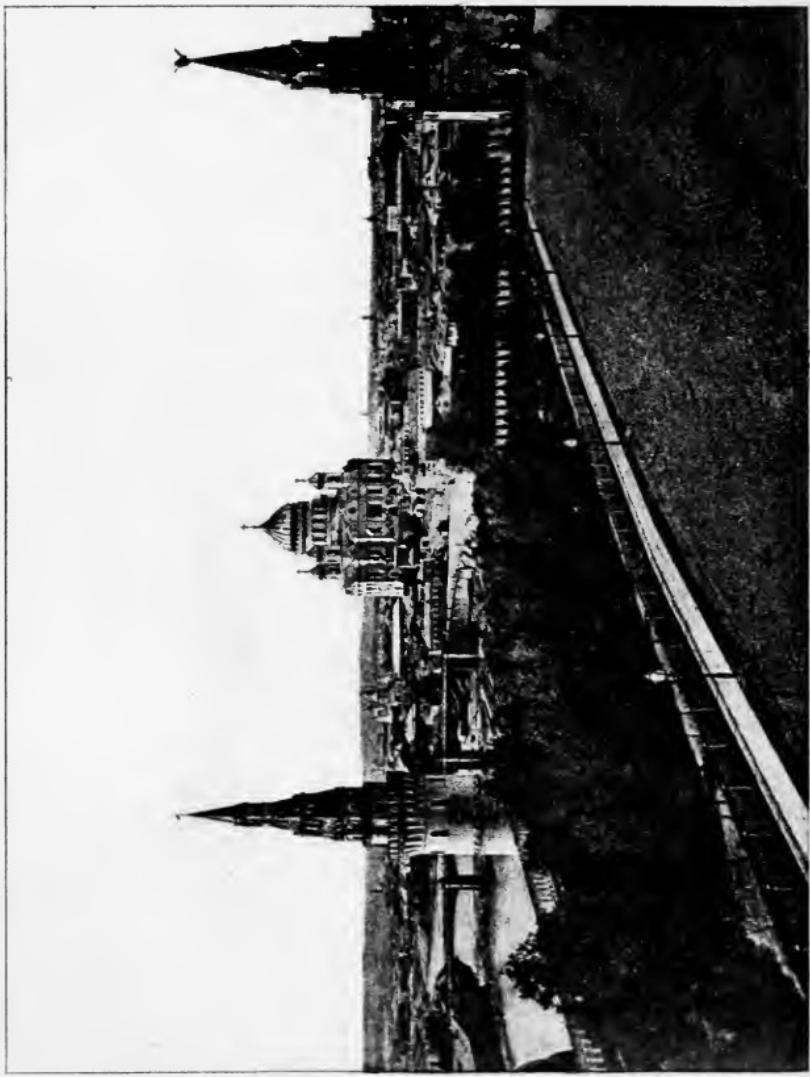
We sat there that warm sunny afternoon in a strange thrill of reverence and delight we could neither analyze nor understand. All we could hear was, "And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." And yet it was only an ancient city, a kingdom of this world basking and flashing in the glorious slanting rays of an afternoon sun. Only one other scene has ever so affected us, and that was the view of the silver roofs of Quebec glittering in the sunlight, as seen from Montmorency. That, lifted upon the great rock, was like the heavenly city of the Hebrew singers. This was like a dream, a vision,—a something seen but well-nigh unattainable. Almost directly before us, in the mass of the city, rose stately and grand the new church of St. Saviour, built to commemorate the deliverance from the French. Its great dome and four attendant golden-tipped cupolas flashed as if set with huge brilliants. It quite hid the palace, etc., of the more distant Kremlin, but not the tall Ivan tower, which with its miniature dome of gold glowed like a beacon or lighthouse above the walls and smaller

domes of burnished gold. Nearer us was a fortified monastery, — “the girls’ field,” — besieged by Napoleon, with quaint bottle-like tower in red and white, with golden tip, and over its little church four pale miniature domes, surrounding a golden one. To our right, in the trees, almost obscured, gleamed the white walls of the Alexandrina Palace, while the densely wooded banks followed the river’s bend and gradually sank to its level. Above the green crest of the sloping hill-range in the distance glistened numerous towers and gilded domes. As the sun sank lower and struck at different angles, it seemed to pick out the scene with brilliant dots of gold. Calm, stately, and dignified, the city with forest of temples made with hands, with steady gleam of white and constant flash of gold, was beautiful beyond description, a revelation of glorious beauty and grace. And all around us were Russian ladies quietly puffing their cigarettes!

We looked at the scene long and well, feeling that we never again would see it in such glorious flood of sunlight. But as we looked upon the beatific vision, we thought with greater pleasure of the tall red chimneys that rose here and there in the distance, with their long plumes of smoke telling of the occupation and livelihood of thousands. For Moscow is a busy city.

In it are represented some six or eight hundred manufactories and works, giving employment to over seventy thousand people. Many are in and about the city, others a few miles away. Cotton spinning and weaving, cloth, silk, and worsted mills and machine-works, bring prosperity and new life to the whitened sepulchre of Holy Moscow.





*Moscow and St. Savior's.*

1  
1903 May 25. Swiss

## THE ACROPOLIS OF MOSCOW.

AN intelligent Englishman, in speaking of a trip to Russia, said, "Take Moscow: there is nothing there but the Kremlin." But he had never sat when a small boy in our old Village Hall at home, and looked in wonder and delight at the "Grand moving panorama of the Burning of Moscow," concluding with an explosion of the magazine in the Kremlin, and never then and there said to himself, "Some day these eyes shall look upon Holy Moscow and the Kremlin;" nor through long years kept the little spark of hope alive by reading, in book or newspaper, descriptions of the place. He knew nothing of the suppressed excitement of being so near to a hope fulfilled and a day-dream realized, and so was excusable. We could afford to be magnanimous, for we were already on our way. But no reading of Napoleon's campaigns, nor study of his eventful history, ever fixed the vivid impression of one of the most thrilling episodes on record upon boyish mind, as was made by

that (probably) cheap and common panorama of long ago.

It must be extremely difficult to convey a correct idea of it by word-description, for we found, notwithstanding our familiarity from repeated readings with its form, extent, and character, that it—as an estimable old lady invariably said, whenever she reached any place or came into the presence of any object of which she had long heard—“was not at all as we expected.” The name “Kremlin,” said to be the Tartar for fortress, is misleading. With the word or idea of fortress, or even fortification, looms up in the mind a structure massive, sombre, and well-nigh impregnable, adequate to modern defence; while in reality the Kremlin looks more like a small walled town upon an elevation in the centre of a busy city, a thing whose picturesque beauty should ever insure its protection. The lofty and pretty red walls, with walk all round the inner side, do not seem like fortifications, for they look so slight and are without armament.

We entered Moscow at ten o’clock one evening. The windows of heaven were evidently open, for the sheeted rain fell in torrents, and of course we saw nothing. But the next day a five minutes’ walk upon the little narrow sidewalk, along a busy street teeming with interesting figures

and vehicles (something to see every moment), brought us face to face with a high brick wall with petal-like battlements and a tall white ancient Gothic tower. Over its portal was a mosaic "ikon" of Saint Nicholas, much revered, because when Napoleon ordered the structure to be blown up and destroyed, it was rent and cracked to the very edge of the picture, and not even the glass was broken nor the lamp before it shattered. We passed through the tunnel-like way and emerged in a large open place with a huge arsenal to the right of us, and a massive domed palace to the left of us, and a great barrack for "the six hundred" in front of us, with glimpses in the distance of gilded and colored Oriental domes, gleams of exterior frescos, and glistening crosses and tall towers. At last, we were within the Kremlin.

The old fortress has a history, interesting and thrilling; for built in the fourteenth century, it has withstood siege after siege, has been burned three or four times, and has been the scene of the baptism, coronation, and burial of a long line of czars. Even now an emperor must be crowned there. Its ruddy walls measure some 7,280 feet, and scattered along its line at irregular intervals in most picturesque and riotous variety are some eighteen towers and five gates. One of the latter, called "the Redeemer's," is the

sacred gate of Moscow. Over it is a picture of our Saviour, painted in 1647. Every one, from emperor to poorest peasant, who passes through this portal must remove his hat. It is said that Napoleon declared he would ride through it covered; but just as he reached it, the wind swept off his hat! Within the enclosure of these walls are barracks, an arsenal, a judicial building, convents, a grand royal palace, the treasury, synodical buildings, and some six or seven churches and cathedrals, all standing in most picturesque confusion. Some are buff, some terra-cotta, and others are yellow and white; while the churches are also ornamented with antique frescos, and with towers and domes of indigo blue, white, and burnished gold.

As it was Ascension Day (Greek calendar), the churches were crammed with a motley and unsavory crowd. Not liking the atmosphere, we loitered about until after service, looking at the quaint, grotesque, yet picturesque structures from different points, and "getting the geography of it," when we came to a wall overlooking a fine sweeping view of a large portion of the city. The undulating mass of white walls and pale-green roofs, fairly buried in a wealth of foliage, with a forest of red and white towers and spires and gilded domes rising all along the line, made an enchanting and fairy-like

picture. Again and again, during our stay in Moscow, we went to this point, for even upon gray and cloudy days there was an exquisite mother-of-pearl look to this mass of white, rolling and trembling in verdure. Directly in front of us the grass-covered bank dropped away into narrow gardens, while directly opposite were the tower and gate by which the French victoriously entered, and by which they ignominiously retreated.

A trio of churches within a stone's throw of one another and of the palace are most interesting, as representing the three important epochs of baptism, coronation, and sepulture in the lives of a long line of czars of the Rurik and the Romanoff families, and are as thrilling and fascinating in their way as San Marco or Westminster Abbey. The smallest of the three, the church of the Annunciation, with nine gilded domes, is close to the royal palace, and is the scene of the baptism of the imperial infant. It was undergoing extensive repairs, and was crowded with scaffoldings, etc.; but we saw the passage-way covered with queer old frescos, the gallery which the czar enters privately from the palace, the jasper and agate floor presented by a shah of Persia, and the "ikon" of the "Holy Virgin of Don" carried even as long ago as 1380 as a standard in battle, and considered

possessed of miraculous powers. Around the hideous face was a circlet or tiara of emeralds. In a niche in the wall was a seat occupied by Ivan until he married his fourth wife, and then he was disgraced and obliged to kneel outside by a window. But "his successors remain standing during the service." This church was sadly pillaged by the French, but was restored by the merchants of Moscow as a thank-offering for deliverance from the plague, some one hundred and ninety-six pounds of silver being used for the screens alone. This queer old building has been the scene also of many of the royal marriages. It possesses many treasures and relics, even to the sponge upon which vinegar was offered to our Saviour! It seemed to us that more strain was laid upon credulity in Russia than anywhere else.

By far the most interesting of the three churches is the cathedral of the Assumption (architecturally a mixture of Byzantine and Lombard styles), because it retains so much of its primitive forms, and has witnessed the gorgeous and magnificent ceremonial of the coronations, from Ivan the Terrible to the present czar. None of them, compared with celebrated church edifices, are large, and all have whitewashed exteriors and look cheap, although some have way up under projecting eaves bright frescos

of religious subjects. But comparatively small and disproportionately tall as they are, all are surmounted by groups of small, graceful, Oriental domes richly gilded and topped by open-work crosses, steadied by guys of golden chains. It is difficult to convey an idea of how exquisite these domes and crosses appear, glittering and flashing in the sunlight against a clear blue sky, for it is so unlike anything we have. Above the Assumption bask in the sunshine five domes, one hundred and twenty-eight feet from the pavement, all ablaze with gold. The interior at first glance is disappointing, for it seems so small, so confused, and so lacking in impressive effect. Four enormous round piers support the domed roof and break the interior into small spaces. But as one loiters awhile and takes in the details of solid golden surfaces, with quaint old frescoed figures, the multitude of hanging lamps, the immense central chandelier and the silver, "ikon"-decorated screens across one end, it opens, as the Venetian San Marco, like a huge tropical flower, and grows in solemnity, sublimity, and impressiveness. It has always been extremely rich in appointments, so much so that the French, notwithstanding the principal objects of value had been removed, took away from it five tons of silver and five hundred weight of gold. Much of this, however, was recovered by

the Cossack soldiery, who in gratitude presented a huge silver chandelier, which now hangs before the sanctuary, containing one hundred and ninety-six pounds of pure silver, wrought into a beautiful cluster of forty-six branches. Several almost as large, but of gilded metal, keep it company, while some twenty or more superb hanging-lamps burn before a dado of "ikons" along the side walls. Only the Primates or Metropolitans of the Greek Church are buried here. Wall and ceilings are covered with ancient frescos upon golden grounds, and age, dust, and incense-smoke have dulled all but the gold, producing a weird and uncanny effect. The immense screen across the sanctuary is a mass of carving and gold, with row after row of pictures,—a regular gallery! One of the *holy* pictures is the "Holy Virgin of Vladimir," painted by Saint Luke, brought to Moscow from Constantinople in 1135. It is covered as usual, except face and hands, with an ornamental "repoussé" plate of gold, studded with brilliant jewels, to the value of two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars,—one emerald alone being valued at fifty thousand dollars. Pendant from it, with other jewels given as votive offerings, were a superb diamond necklace and a tiara of lovely diamond flowers. The face is scarcely distinguishable, being very ancient, dark, and painted on wax. It is pitifully faded and worn.

able to see the people kiss and adore it. One cannot help wondering as he looks at this fearfully illiterate and simple accepting crowd, whether He who looks upon the heart may not in some way say "according to thy faith be it done unto thee!"

Dean Stanley in his "Eastern Church" gives a thrilling and vivid picture of the utter loneliness of the coronation ceremonial, even to the czar himself administering the sacrament, typical of his being next to and alone with God, — which latter, however, Murray says is incorrect. But it is a fact that here beneath this dull and lofty roof, upon a low platform, between two of these ponderous columns, and directly opposite the royal doors of the sanctuary, surrounded by all this gold and decoration of ancient times and these old frescos of councils, Last Judgment, Life and death of Virgin, Patriarchs, Fathers, and Saints, — every one of a long line of emperors clad in the costly, magnificent robes of office, has here lifted a heavily and gorgeously jewelled crown to his head, has knelt and audibly "recited the confession of the orthodox faith," and offered up "the prayer of intercession for the Empire," and then entering the Holy of Holies has partaken of the sacrament of the broken body and shed blood. With the whole interior hung with cloth-of-gold and richest velvets, and surrounded

by a court surpassing all others in gorgeousness of costume and richness of attire and semi-barbaric wealth and display of priceless jewels, these scenes must be magnificent. Later we saw a large painting of the coronation of the present czar, which for lavish magnificence was indescribable.

The tombs of the Primates are held in high esteem, and are buried in a mass of silver, gold, and gorgeous velvet hangings. No woman is permitted to enter the sanctuary. We saw under glass a silver model of Moses upon Mt. Sinai, containing nineteen pounds of gold and the same of silver. Beneath it is kept the certificate and state papers of the last coronation. In some side-rooms are silver tombs, reliquaries, and a celebrated "ikon," called the Blessed Virgin of Jerusalem. These tombs are caskets, or sarcophagi, of solid silver. Lift up the lids, and there, covered with richest vestments, is the body of the saint. Frequently an opening, or aperture, shows the blackened nose or hand, and the people cross themselves and bend over and kiss them as we would a fresh, rosy baby! The sacred relics run the usual gamut of "a nail from the true cross," "a piece of our Saviour's robe," etc., while the ecclesiastical treasures are a blinding blaze of silver, gold, and precious stones.

A few steps from this building is the last of the trio, the Cathedral of the Arch-Angel Michael, built in 1332. The interior presents a most remarkable appearance, for it looks, between the gorgeous screen, the multitude of hanging-lamps, chandeliers, and metal banners, quite like a bric-à-brac shop. The banners are seen everywhere, and are gorgeous to the extreme. Some are of velvet, richly embroidered with gold, but oftener of openwork of silver-gilt, enriched with exquisite enamels and precious stones. Within this small interior and taking up full one half of it are the dark, uniform box-like tombs of czars and princes to the number of fifty or more, all covered with red-velvet palls, each embroidered with a golden cross. That of Ivan the Terrible is covered with black to denote his death as a monk. Alas! that of his little son, murdered at the age of six, lies near by. No wonder that twice a year "a funeral service is performed here, and forgiveness invoked for that burden of sins, voluntary or involuntary, known to themselves or unknown, which those who are buried in the cathedral committed when on earth."

We visited two of the large convents which enclose three churches, all with clustered gilt domes, and very pretty interiors, but with nothing of marked interest except the tombs of the

czarinjas and other royal ladies, covered with embroidered velvet palls, which well-nigh fill one church. It is a strange sight, all these velvet-covered tombs, surrounded by a blaze of gold and cloud of color, with the black-robed nuns who care for them flitting to and fro, dusting one or tidying another.

Close to the Cathedral of the Assumption, where the emperors are crowned, is a long building one end of which is surmounted by white cupolas and domes. In an upper story is the Sacristy of the Holy Synod, — three rooms, with presses containing ecclesiastical robes, embroidered with pearls, medallions, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, mitres with precious stones, pastoral staffs richly jewelled, and some superb crosses and ornaments worn around the neck by the priests. One robe, presented by Ivan the Terrible in expiation of a murder, is of crimson velvet, and so loaded with chased medallions and embroidery of gold, with pearls, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, as to weigh fifty-four pounds. In one room is a large case of silver and gold vessels for church use, of quaint and beautiful design. In a smaller one is a copper vase, or bottle, with a long narrow neck completely covered with small scales of thin mother-of-pearl, called the “Alabaster,” containing the precious ointment used by Mary Magdalen!

Just how any was saved we did not understand, for it is written that she broke the precious box of ointment and poured it over the Saviour's feet.

In this room is prepared every two or three years, during Lent, by the Metropolitan and higher clergy, the Holy Chrism used at the baptism of every Russian, at the consecration of every church, and for the anointing of the emperor at his coronation. It is "composed of thirty different elements,—oil, wine, gums, balsams, and spices,"—and it is made holy by a few drops from the "Alabaster." These drops are replaced by some of the completed mixture, so, like the widow's cruse, it never fails, and at the same time the new represents to every believing Russian the precious ointment of Mary. It is prepared according to a strict formula. In the adjoining room stands a magnificent silver caldron with handles of gold, full four and a half feet in height, and two great silver kettles three feet in height, presented by Catherine II. for its preparation; the great ladles, sieves, etc., used are also of silver. When finished, it is poured into sixteen tall vase-like silver jars, presented by Paul I. It is said that there is twelve hundred weight of silver in them all. The vases stand upon the floor in a semi-circle in the plate press, and look like antique cinerary

urns. The “Alabaster” is of a very graceful shape and is very beautiful. “At the baptism of children the priest crosses with a small camel-hair brush, dipped in the chrism, the mouth, eyes, ears, hands, and feet, besides the back and breast. The eyes are anointed in order that the child may see only good, the ears that they may admit only what is pure, the mouth that he may speak as becomes a Christian, the hands that they may do no wrong, and the feet that they may tread in the path of virtue.”

One of the most stately and picturesque structures within the Kremlin is the “Ivan tower,” — a tall (325 feet) five-story tower, surmounted by a gilded dome and cross. It rises from one end of a long narrow building, which also upholds two other lower towers and domes and a chapel dedicated to Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of ladies about to marry. Go where you may, this uplifted dome towers above everything else. The view from it is said to be magnificent, but its four hundred and fifty steps were too much for us, although we looked at the summit with longing eyes and strong desire. It holds thirty-four bells, beginning with one weighing sixty-four tons and ending with two small ones of silver of exquisite tone. Near its base upon a frame-work or foundation of brick stands the great bell of Moscow, “the King of bells.” Way

back in 1636 a huge bell was cast. In 1654 this was recast. It was broken in 1706, and again recast in 1733 by the Empress Anne. Some heavy rafters fell upon it during a fire in 1737, and it lay half buried in the ground until 1836, when it was placed as now seen. Beside it lies a large piece broken from it, said to weigh eleven tons. The whole bell stands twenty-six feet in height, and is surmounted by a crown and ornamented with bass-reliefs of Alexander and Empress Anne, with below a scroll-work bearing our Saviour, the evangelists, and cherubim. It weighs two hundred tons. It is said that in the recasting, the ladies of the court standing by threw their jewels in the molten metal, and that the shattering of it was owing to this.

There are several smaller churches and palaces, etc., not open to visitors. In front of the great Arsenal lie trophies of war, being some eight hundred and seventy-five cannon. There are also many ornamental pieces, and one cannon weighing forty tons.

From the Kremlin heights one studies the Moscow of to-day; and from Moscow, upon the hill-top, the story of long ago. A conspicuous feature in the view in one direction is an enormous white building of several stories (which reminds one of Fabyan's in our White Mountains), — the State Foundling Asylum, where

seven thousand children are received annually. Napoleon used it as a military hospital, and five thousand of his soldiers lie buried in its court-yard. This immense establishment is supported principally by the government tax upon playing-cards!

A morning in the Kremlin was passed in the world-renowned Treasury and the grand Royal Palace,—contiguous structures, but with entrances literally a quarter of a mile apart. The Treasury is a veritable museum, recalling the Tower of London; and but for repeated fires and the melting up of silver and golden vessels in times of war, it would to-day surpass any other collection in Europe in the great number of countries represented, in the articles of plate-armor and jewels. As it is, it is magnificent and priceless, because of the great number, infinite variety, and superb richness of the venerated historic and ancient articles it contains. The position of Russia upon the border-land of barbaric and luxurious and sensuous Turkey and Asia has brought her monarchs in all sorts of attitudes of peace and war, which have called forth presents and tributes from Oriental rulers, of characteristic lavishness and sumptuousness. And surely no countries use gold and silver and pearls and precious stones upon every conceivable article of use or orna-

ment as these wild, barbaric, Eastern ones do. Firearms, saddles, articles of dress, plate, and all sort of boxes, sword-hilts, and spears are encrusted lavishly with diamonds, rubies, and precious stones, until they fairly blaze and dazzle with scintillating lights. Ivory is inlaid with gold and silver, etc., in patterns as fine and intricate as India shawls.

We entered a vestibule from which a fine staircase ascended to the upper rooms, with portraits of the kings of Poland, eight or ten old royal carriages, one of the most elaborate having been presented by Queen Elizabeth of England. Another was entirely covered with velvet, studded with gilt nails. The huge sled by which the Empress Elizabeth used to travel from St. Petersburg to Moscow was quite like a parlor car, with a long table through the centre and seats all around. They were all the most unwieldy and huge affairs, and were faded and tarnished. Near a marble statue of Napoleon stand two camp bedsteads, etc., taken from him in campaigns. We then passed up a stately staircase, and visited several consecutive rooms having a fine collection of Russian armor, and armor for men and horses, ancient Russian firearms and standards, portraits of the Romanoff (the present) dynasty, jewelled saddles and accoutrements, shields, and exquisitely inlaid

and jewelled armor. In one room are cases containing some sixteen hundred pieces of plate from England, Germany, and almost every country, many of which are of quaint design and elaborate workmanship. Many of the Russian plate possessions can be seen in electrotype reproductions in our Metropolitan Museum, but the superb wine casket is only in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. Other cases are filled with matchless seventeenth-century enamels, vessels and ornaments of rock crystal, and beautiful odd pieces of china. It is a rich display, and it was vexatious only to glance at them and move on.

But the glory of the Treasury is a circular room, containing thrones, crowns, royal robes, and insignia. In the centre is a long glass case covering the baldacchino, or canopy, carried over the present emperor in his coronation procession, of rich cloth-of-gold emblazoned with the royal crests and finished with great bunches of orange and black plumes. Beneath is the long golden mantle, or circular, trimmed with ermine and embroidered with the arms of Russia, as also the other garments worn by him on that occasion. Behind it is the golden mantle, quite similar, worn by the empress on that occasion, and also the solid spun-silver embroidered dress worn by her. It looked exactly like tin, and had an enormous train with embossed flower-border.

Beside it lay the dainty openwork silk stockings, the tiny silver slippers, and the gloves worn with it. It gives quite an idea of the gorgeous ceremonial. Gold and silver could go no further. Around the sides of this room are tall glass cases, in which hang the coronation robes of all the sovereigns from Catherine II. to the present régime, all quite alike. Before them stand six thrones, which for delicacy and lavish richness "lead all the rest." One, a single chair, covered entirely with carved ivory panels, was the throne of the last emperor of Constantinople, and was used at the coronation of Alexander II., father of the present emperor. Near it stands the historic throne of Poland. One magnificent Persian throne is enriched by "eight hundred and seventy-six diamonds, twelve hundred and twenty-three rubies, besides innumerable pearls and turquoise." That of Ivan the Terrible, a present from the shah of Persia, is dotted with nine thousand small turquoise all over "like a rash." Another golden one is studded with large turquoise, rubies, and pearls to the number of twenty-two hundred. Beneath a glass case is a double one of silver, of flamboyant design, made for Ivan and Peter. The drapery at the back conceals an aperture through which his sister Sophia was said to have prompted Ivan on state occasions.

These thrones were exquisitely beautiful, being of excellent shapes and sparkling with cut and uncut jewels. Before them in a circle around the room were ten pedestals, holding under glass shades as many crowns. Each rested upon a band of sable, and with one or two exceptions were like a conical cap. One was the crown of Stanislaus Augustus, the last king of Poland; another, the crown of Kazan, glowing with rubies, turquoise, and pearls, and surmounted by an enormous topaz. The crown of Astrakan is enriched by beautiful enamels, one hundred and ninety precious stones, and upholds a huge emerald. A most magnificent one is that of Peter I., which is ornamented with nine hundred diamonds, with rubies and emeralds alternating between points upon pliant wires, and at its apex an enormous uncut and irregular shaped but lovely tinted ruby, from which springs a diamond cross. But the costliest one of all is that of the Empress Anne (although originally made for Catherine I.), with twenty-five hundred and thirty-six diamonds and a priceless ruby purchased in Pekin in 1676. Another was of filigree gold and gems; and still another was of ordinary shape, with enormous cut amethysts, sapphires, and emeralds. That used by the present czar is an ancient one, and looks like a partly open melon, but it is such a blaze of light

that the shape is quite indistinguishable. Then there are orbs and sceptres and collars, etc., all a solid mass of costly gems. The *tout ensemble* is brilliant and dazzling beyond description. As the sunlight pours in, the prismatic sparkle of colors, the brilliant flash of diamonds, and the mellow sheen of gold is simply marvellous. But somehow it could not obliterate the sight of the wretched peasant hut we visited, nor the great multitude of wretched pilgrims, so poor and forlorn, we had seen at Troitsa.

The interior of the adjacent Royal Palace is a charming illustration of what refined and cultivated taste can do with the same rich materials used in the older palaces with such bizarre and gorgeous effect. The delicate and harmonious colorings and the judicious use of gold is in striking contrast with the startling hues and unsparing avalanche of gilt there seen. It is comparatively new, as it was built by Nicholas I. between 1838 and 1849, replacing one erected by Catherine and occupied by Napoleon and burned by the French. It is a very long tall building, with a sort of Oriental window-casings, washed a salmon tint, and surmounted by a cushion and crown of gold. It is of course of immense extent, for royal housekeeping involves large expenditure. Although there are some seven hundred rooms, only the state apartments and some

ancient family rooms are shown. But it is all very grand, rich, and refined, at the same time imposing and magnificent.

We entered a vestibule with huge monolithic columns of gray marble, and then ascended a stately staircase of great length and beauty. Soon we entered the Hall of St. George (two hundred feet in length), with columns and statues all in white, with furniture in black and orange, the colors of the Order, with six enormous chandeliers and tall candelabra upholding thirty-two hundred candles. It was superb, and from one end an enormous window commands the peerless view of the old city. Then followed a lovely and imposing hall all in pale pink and gold, dedicated to the Order of St. Alexander Nevski, with stands or buffets at either end for the royal plate, while lovely frescos by Muller fill tall spandrels and panels. The triple-domed ceiling of pale blue and gold produces a most delicate and mellow effect. This opened into the Hall of the Order of St. Andrew, every room being hung or furnished with the colors of the Order to which it is assigned. This was in lovely watered silk, with pilasters all ablaze with arms of Russian provinces, and at one end a handsome golden throne resting upon a dais covered with cloth-of-gold. Ten superb chandeliers and as many standing candelabra

adorn this princely room. Next was the room of the Order of St. Catherine, in red and silver, with malachite pilasters, enormous candelabra of crystal and gold, and a superb canopy and throne in the Order's colors, where the newly-made empress always holds a drawing-room after her coronation. Then we walked through state, drawing, and bedrooms, with doors inlaid with mother-of-pearl and metals, with jasper columns, ormolu and china ornaments, crystal vases of enormous heights, superb chandeliers, decorated porcelain vases, and exquisitely inlaid floors that were works of art in every sense. There is nothing bizarre or vulgar about any of the rooms; all is refined and intrinsically beautiful. A dainty chapel was overlooked from side windows.

Looking from one side of a court, we saw a most picturesque and peculiar structure, called the Terem, anciently devoted to the czarita and her children. It is of four stories, each gradually diminishing until the topmost one contains only a single room,—like a temple, or pagoda. The rooms were small, with vaulted ceilings and lots of old chairs, chests, and beds of a bygone age. Then we passed into the Granovitaya Palace, in which was a decorated hall leading to the outer staircase, by which the emperor descends for his coronation; also into the room

where he sits enthroned for the first time in all the insignia of his rank, and where the coronation banquet is given. Quaint frescos, huge columns, and enormous bronze chandeliers, and high up overlooking it a window from which the empress surveys the scene, finish "the show."

One more superb hall followed. It was that of the Order of St. Vladamir, with high-pointed roof, airy, graceful, and beautiful, and hangings of red and black silk. Fit ending this to a dream of marble halls and kingly abode ; but oh, what a painful contrast to the hovels and huts of peasants throughout the land!

## A TE DEUM IN STONE.

THE deliverance of Holy Moscow from the grasp and dominion of the French was an historical event of such vital importance and of such widespread significance that it was only natural that thanksgiving should be expressed in enduring stone and everlasting memorial.

The original intention was to erect a magnificent church, a Te Deum in stone, upon that spur of the Sparrow Hills from which Napoleon obtained his first view of the fair, beautiful, and sacred city, and work was begun and for nine years carried on at intervals. Then the discovery of some Tweed-like manipulations (resulting in the honor of a long vacation in Siberia for the architect), and the finding that the soil was "unsuitable for an edifice of a ponderous character," led to the abandonment of the project. Some fourteen years after (1839), the present structure within the city was begun, and in 1883 it was finished, "entirely with Russian materials and labor," at a cost of ten million dollars!

Where there is so much semi-barbaric splendor and so many remnants of the character and developments of a past age, it is a relief to have one demonstration of what advanced culture and modern taste can do, with the same materials. The church, a tall, slender, stately structure of cream-colored stone, with a ponderous golden dome and four small cupola domes, stands upon a gentle elevation, surrounded by an open plaza, a terrace, and pretty gardens, and is a conspicuous feature in every view of the city. While the exterior is in better taste than the older structures, it is so ornamented by immense bas-reliefs as to fail in impressiveness and grandeur. Like so many of the Greek churches, it looks so slim and tall. The summit of the cross upon the great dome is three hundred and forty feet above the ground. Granite steps lead to an imposing portico with thirty-six marble columns and richly cast doors of bronze, and high above is inscribed "God with us." There is ample room within for seven thousand persons.

The interior gives not in the faintest degree any occasion for disappointment. In simple dignity of form, in genuine and intrinsic richness of finish, in harmony of coloring, and in absolute perfection of every detail broad and minute, it surpasses any interior in Europe save that of the Albert Chapel at Windsor. Unlike lovely

and poetic San Marco, the glory of Venice, it needs no glamour of imagination, no "reading between the lines." Nothing is so crowded with sentiment, poetry, religious feeling, and artistic sense as San Marco; but much depends upon the individual. We sat day after day entranced by its picturesque and solemn effects, fascinated by its pictured stories which make it a "People's Bible," and astonished at the symbolic meaning of its wealth of details; but some persons finish it "at one sitting." Yet San Marco is dingy, musty, and old; while St. Saviour's on the other hand is as fresh and fair as some symmetrical and gorgeous flower of the tropics. It has not the symbolism or hidden meaning which makes the other a continuous revelation; but it is so fair, so sumptuous, so harmonious, that it seems like a glad, exultant, and triumphant Te Deum.

In a majority of the churches the usual ground-plan of the Greek cross is marred by the lofty golden "ikonastas," or screens, which cut off one arm entirely. Not so in St. Saviour's, for at one glance the whole form of the cross is seen. Instead of a partition-like screen across the beginning of one arm, there rises in stately beauty an octagonal temple or sanctuary of polished white marble, carved and inlaid with gold and mosaic, and enclosing in panels lovely modern

pictures. At each corner is a parapet finished with a cross, and over it all a golden pointed roof, and through the centre of the front two superb golden gates, which might be those of Paradise. As attendant priests, in long flowing robes of crimson and gold brocade, swept with commanding and graceful review through these shining gates, following the high priest, thus closing all sight of the Holy of Holies from the people, the scene was dramatic and beautiful. But it all looks like idolatry pure and simple, and is saddening and unsatisfactory to the last degree. All around the side walls of the edifice is a dado of polished "Labrador," red like porphyry, with panels of glittering dark-green Finland granite. Above this, a story is covered with immense panels of white marble, inlaid with gold and framed with bright soft gray polished stone. Above this appears a frieze of two or three colored marbles, ornamented with a succession of gilded Greek crosses; and then upon the walls above and the ceiling, and soaring away to the apex of the dome, is a soft mellow glory of gold and delicate colors, of frescoed saints and prophets and evangelists, and encircling the drum of the dome a procession of archangels, prophets, apostles, and martyrs tending toward the Virgin and the Christ. High above them all in the great concave of the dome,

almost like an apparition, is a representation of the Trinity, — God the Father surrounded by angels, with the Saviour as a child at his right hand, and upon his outstretched hand the Dove. The gradation of color is wonderful, from this dark red and green of ponderous marble, up, until in a soft mist and delicate cloud far away are seen these spectral figures typical of the Trinity. In each of the three arms of the building appears a gallery with double row of richest golden metal-work candlesticks and balustrades. Chandeliers of richest material and most graceful form hang everywhere; also "ikons" in symmetrical and uniform stands and in altar-like frames along the tabernacle end, and modern frescos in softest and most delicate tints on every side. Not a detail is slighted. Everything is perfect in richness and costliness of material and extreme carefulness and conscientiousness of finish. All around the audience-room is a continuous corridor, or hall, entirely separate from it, with side walls covered with immense polished marble panels inscribed with the names of battles in the French war, and of the soldiers who perished in defence of city and fatherland. This imposing Walhalla is as finely finished as the church, and holds beautifully in everlasting remembrance those who laid down life for their country. There is something thrilling in this great silent array

of names, showing the truth of the poet's assertion, "The path of glory leads but to the grave." Within the great solemn sanctuary, beyond the golden gates, stand the sacramental altar and the seven-branched candlestick, beyond which in a semi-circular alcove or apse is a painting of the Last Supper, by Verestchagin. It is very fine and impressive, and the apostles looked the plain homely men they really were.

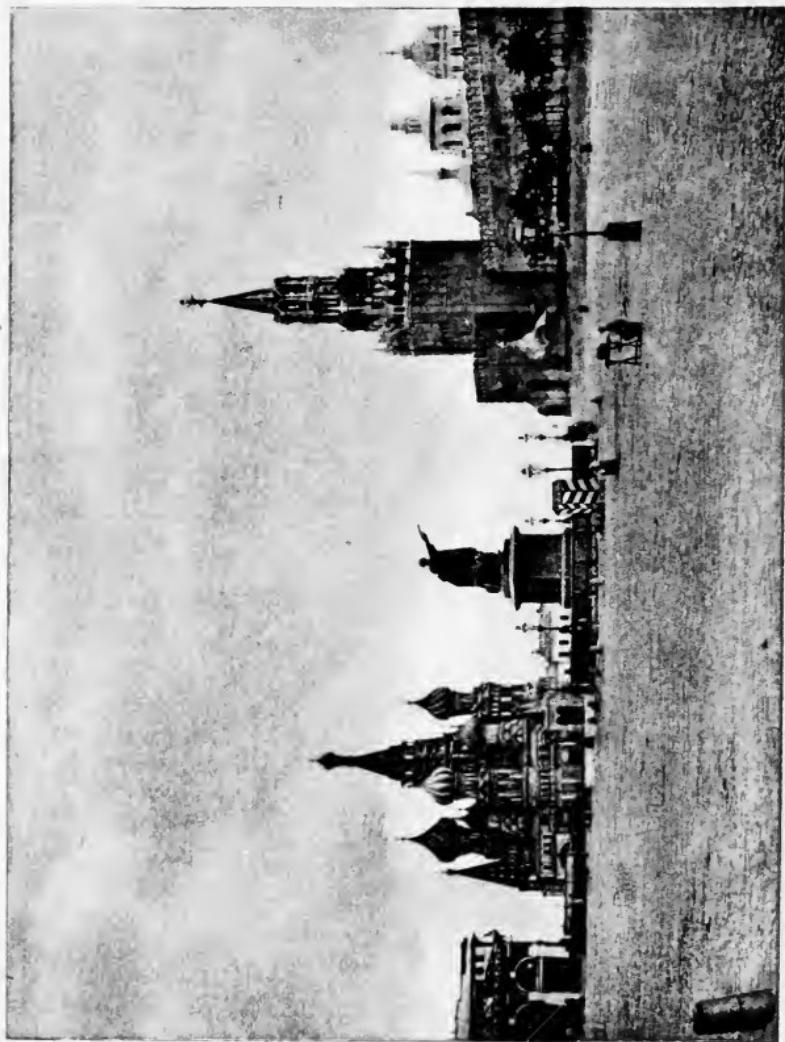
It was a delight to sit in the quiet and repose of this interior and feel the wondrous harmony of proportion, material, and color. It was like a vision, so soft, dreamy, and delicious. The view from the galleries is indescribable,—everywhere intricate arabesques in colors upon golden grounds, framing in figures of saints or pictured groups. Even in the corridors that surround the galleries the walls are exquisitely painted by Russian artists with scenes from the lives of their kings and saints. We wondered if richness of material, lavishness of expenditure, gracefulness of form, or soft glory of gold and color could go any farther than this. The building seems immense, and yet it is light and airy in appearance. One can sit there and feel the shadows of the dark, rich marbles enfold him; can look up and catch the light in color and in gold of a brighter day, and then, looking far away in the lofty firmament-like dome, be con-

scious of the hope whose glory fadeth not away! We have felt that the Greek churches and services lacked the dignity of the Latin; that the "ikons" and gorgeous banners and tasteless ornament savored of childish things; but in this building there is a solemnity, an expression, a character, that is very impressive. As we sat there, we asked what was the spell that held us. It was "perfect harmony," which, like that in music, may be felt but cannot be described. It was so restful; so like a suggestion of a temple not made with hands, of a tabernacle that fadeth not away, and of a city which is a heavenly, with its rich picturing of jasper and of gold. As we tarried there enfolded with the glory of precious gold, and lost in the glowing colors of deep and priceless gems, we could only repeat, "Behold I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy gates of carbuncles and all thy borders of pleasant stones!"

## FRAGMENTARY.

JUST outside of the great Redeemer gate of the Kremlin is the Red Square, the scene of many an execution and historical incident. Facing it is the Cathedral of St. Basil, the odd and picturesque church so often seen in paintings and views of Moscow. It is narrow and very lofty, and is surmounted by eleven domes, no two of which are similar. Some are twisted like screws, others conical and like an inverted onion, and one is like a pineapple. It looks like a great castor with mismatched cruets, like a great conical toy, and again like an odd fungus growth. Although grotesque, it is always picturesque. But the interior is still more odd and peculiar, for it is a maze of crooked narrow passages only a few feet wide, with a small separate chapel beneath each of the eleven domes. These miniature chapels are like inverted tubes, and although but a few feet in diameter they go up and up until lost in the dome above. It is all droll and queer, and seems like an architectural freak. Napoleon said, "Destroy that mosque!" but his





*St. Basil's and Redeemer Gate.*

21. March 1911. Reggio Calabria

soldiers had stabled their horses in the basement beneath, and it was saved. It is washed with dull reds and greens and yellows, with scarcely a touch of gold. Close by, it looks tawdry, cheap, and gaudy. But stand away from it and watch it in the tender haze of a June day, and all these colors will tremble, melt, and gleam like opals; or when the afternoon sun throws its slanting rays full and red upon it, it is transfigured, and becomes a glory of weird color and quaint outlines, delightfully dreamy and picturesque.

One of the interesting sights of Moscow is the Romanoff House, the old residence of Michael, the founder of the present royal dynasty. For a long period of years it was occupied as a monastery, it having been given to an Order. But in 1856 Alexander II. purchased it, and fully restored it to its original condition. It is a fine illustration of the architecture and the manner of living of the "well-to-do" Russians of the Middle Ages. It stands close to the street, is small, and shows but two stories; but being on a slope of a steep hill it has three facing or opening upon the court at the rear. It is a pretty little museum of furniture and interior decorations; for while it is a correct restoration, there is probably but little of the original building left, except the walls of stone. The rooms were small, finished entirely in wood, with much

carving and scroll-sawing, and hung with rich damasks, etc. In a nursery are grouped the cradle, playthings, rattle, little picture-books, and all sorts of baby things belonging to the babyhood of the great Michael. In a large sleeping-room is a beautifully carved canopy-bed with embroidered cover, belonging to some distinguished member of the family. One small apartment was the chapel, or praying-room, the doors of which were very low, because they said every one should bow when he comes into the presence of God. In some of the rooms were beautiful pieces of silver plate, engraved glass, rare old china, and quaint embroideries and antique portraits. Little glass-cabinets were inserted in the walls, and the ceilings were ornamented with bands of fancy scroll-work. "Ikons" of course abounded, some cases being entirely filled with them. One lovely room was a library with writing-desk and paraphernalia, and a quaint old stove of gayly colored tiles. The stoves in several of the rooms were very curious, one being inscribed, "There is no better home than one's own." Altogether, with richly carved and quaint old furniture and bric-à-brac and queer little stairways and rooms, all beautifully fresh and orderly, it was a charming picture of the sixteenth or seventeenth century life.

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Quite in contrast with this old-time story was the picture of to-day afforded by the Asiatic Exhibition, where in rooms fitted up in Oriental style was a fine show of the silks, tissues, prints, rugs, carpets, draperies, and bric-à-brac from the provinces of Asiatic and Turkish Russia, all shown by attendants in the native costumes. Some of the silken rugs were as high as seven hundred and fifty and a thousand dollars each, and were not more than six feet long at that. In other rooms there was a general exhibit of the manufactures of Russia cotton spinning and weaving, beautiful chintz, Nottingham lace curtains, superb silver and colored brocades for priestly garments, machinery, brass and silver work, needles, wall-hangings, and iron-works. We were told that all were introduced by French, German, and English capital, and that although run by Russian labor the overseers and brains are all foreign; for the Russians, although highly educated and accomplished, do not seem to grasp the technical and practical knowledge required. Great attention has been paid to the establishment of technical schools, but as yet the people do not seem to "get the hang of it." All through the country one sees enormous works covering acres of ground. One at Tver employs four thousand men. But for "protection" there would not be a manufactory in the kingdom. The only

trouble is in machinery, cotton goods, etc. They have only a home market, and when the harvest fails everything is depressed.

The most interesting excursion from Moscow is to Troitsa Monastery, some fifty or more miles away, by rail. The monastery is a ten minutes' drive from the station, and was from the first glimpse to our last look a most novel and interesting (but never a pretty) sight. It is in fact a fortress established in 1300, by Saint Sergius. In course of time the Order became very wealthy and powerful, so that at one time it held one hundred and six thousand serfs. Once it was besieged for sixteen months by thirty thousand Poles, and later sustained another prolonged attack. The walls measure 3,794 feet; are from thirty to thirty-five feet in height, and twenty feet thick. Nine towers rise at as many angles.

As we approached a large open cobbled-stone plaza, a strange sight was presented by the numerous booths for the sale of everything, and the large number of odd, grotesque-looking people in "rags and tags." They were pilgrims from all parts of the country, this monastery being one of the sacred places for fulfilment of vows, etc. Of all human beings we have seen, they were the worst-looking, although often very droll

and picturesque. With a bag of supplies upon the back, a cane or staff, dresses and wraps of all colors and kinds, and heads covered with cloths, they were indeed a motley crowd. The booths seemed Oriental and picturesque, with gay cotton goods and bright tin and brass ware, with numerous stands and piles of sunflower and pumpkin seeds, great masses of onions, and loads and loads of cucumbers, of which the peasants are extravagantly fond.

We drove through an arch beneath a tower and came into the little world within the walls. Churches, cemeteries, monastic buildings, etc., were upon every side. First, we visited the sacristy, or treasury. An old priest, with flowing hair, black robes, and tall pill-box hat preceded us. Several large iron-bound doors were unlocked and opened before we reached the three rooms upon the second floor, containing the costly collection. In cases around and also in centre of the rooms were hung priestly robes presented by various empresses, etc., with heavy incrustations, pearls, precious stones, gold and silver, and various altar-cloths, etc., exquisitely wrought and covered with embroidery. In one case were the plain homely robes of the humble Saint Sergius and the cross he wore. In startling contrast in another were the crowns of Catherine II. and the Empress Elizabeth, and

several presented by as many crowned heads, while beneath hung a large number of crosses and decorations of costliest gems. Diamonds, emeralds, pearls, sapphires, etc., lay around by the hundred. Some of the sapphires were marvellous, and the pink-hued amethysts exquisite. There were pendants of coral and agate surrounded by carbuncles, cut rubies and diamonds, a large crucifix of Siberian Aqua Marines, and an especially rich altar-cloth magnificently embroidered with pearls of various sizes, interspersed liberally with sapphires and emeralds. In one case were specimens of paper-money, and among them a ten, a twenty-five, and a fifty cent United States "Shinplaster."

We visited the Cathedral of the Trinity, which is small, and with interior walls literally covered with golden "ikons," some of which had been to the wars, as they were inscribed with names of battles. In one corner is the shrine of Saint Sergius, a casket of solid silver beneath a four-post bedstead canopy, also of silver. "They say" there are nine hundred and thirty-six pounds of silver in the two. The casket-lid is uplifted and rich robes are visible, and through a mask of costly metal is the brown nose of the saint, and the people kiss it! And this is where the Grand Duke came to pray with such a flourish of trumpets the day we first reached Moscow!

Under the same roof are several other chapels, all ablaze with gold and decorations. Then we visited the Cathedral of the Assumption, which has five cupolas and two domes and an interior of glittering gold. Near by stands a tall tower, or belfry, three hundred feet high. It was the saddest sight we ever saw, all this collection of buildings and "ikons" and superstitions, and this great swarm of forlorn, grotesque-looking pilgrims, seeking they hardly knew what. They looked so poor, so hard and brown, but evidently "taking it all in," while lying around the fountains, sitting upon the steps, walking in every direction, and crowding the churches. We have seen nothing more pitiful than their bowing and crossing and kissing upon bended knee the "ikons" and relics. They have no spiritual vision beyond these inanimate pictures and shrines. It is unutterably sad, and one cannot help hoping that in some way different from ours the great compassionate love of Christ reaches down to them.

The cemeteries within this walled inclosure are held in high esteem, a small plot costing five thousand dollars. We saw the place where the pilgrims are fed, but they were so filthy and with such an odor we were satisfied with a glance. None of the buildings are handsome close by, for they are of stucco and washed in

gaudy colors; but a little way off, with the sunlight lying full upon them, they are most artistic and picturesque, and upon canvas would look beautiful. From a distance, basking in the sunlight, these walls and towers and gilded domes and colored façades seem like an apparition. All along the railway for miles we could see these poor pilgrims going or returning,—a revelation of wretchedness and degradation that well-nigh obliterated all the enjoyment of the day.

## FINLAND.

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### AN UNBECLOUDED WAY.

OUR last glance at St. Petersburg was striking and charming. We had taken the steamer at 7 o'clock in the evening, and were passing rapidly down the Neva. The eastern side, with its fine quays and handsome public buildings, was flooded with sunlight. The great terracotta mass of the Winter Palace, rich and ruddy, was fading out of sight in tints of pale and delicate pink; the slender spire of the Admiralty was a lance of flame, and the great dome of St. Isaac's a sphere of burnished gold. Soon we passed into the Maritime Canal, built to enable the ocean-going steamers to load and discharge at St. Petersburg, which the very narrow channel of the Neva will not permit, and then out into the Gulf of Finland. The low-lying shore, because of the declining sun, showed amidst the verdure many a sparkle of palace and villa windows like the flash of gems and the gleam of burnished gold. Among the

trees in the distance was the long low Palace of Peterhof, where we had spent such sunny hours. Upon the other hand, ahead of us, against a glowing golden sky, stood out like silhouettes the domes and spires of Cronstadt, and a great forest of masts and shipping.

It was 9 o'clock when we came abreast of this, the most important naval station of the kingdom. It was alive with shipping. Great basins protected by breakwaters were full of naval vessels. Fortifications appeared on every side. Little islands, out in the stream, were covered with bristling works, while tall old-fashioned forts rose directly from the waters. Beyond all these defences we could see many large and imposing buildings indicative of a fine and important city. The red sunlight made it a beautiful and fairy-like scene, long after we had passed it. When the sun finally got to bed we knew not, for at nine-thirty it sank, far above the horizon, into a bank of cloud, which the genial captain said promised a rainy morrow. But the next morning, after 8 o'clock, was clear and warm. We were out upon the gulf, with no sight of land,—the part of the journey which like the ancient almanacs has written over it, "Expect rough sea here." But fortunately for us poor sailors, excepting a slight swell the waters were very calm. By 10 o'clock we could

discern a long low line of coast, and at 12 o'clock we were moored by the wharf at Helsingfors, in Russian Finland.

The approach to Helsingfors is superb, being through a number of low-lying islands, seven of which are covered with very strong and extensive fortifications. We entered the harbor through a narrow strait, between fortified islands, that did not look one hundred and fifty feet wide. The city makes a fine appearance from the sea, and was a great surprise to us, with its villa and temple crowned hill, its tall spires, stately domes, and large public buildings.

As we were to remain there several hours we took a cab, and for an hour and a half "just drove around." It was difficult to realize that we were far away in Finland, for the summer villas of wood, the parks and private grounds, were much like our own land. In the centre of the town is a long park, kept in lawns, with lovely flower-borders, with bronze statue of a national poet, and music kiosk; while facing it are blocks of fine business houses, hotels, and apparently "flats." A stately, classic senate house, a large town hall, a university with nine hundred students, and a number of imposing public buildings, demonstrate that it is "no mean city."

One enormous pile is the church of St. Nicho-

las, which quite suggests St. Isaac's at Petersburg,—adorned without with statues of the Apostles, and within with those of Luther, Melancthon, and Agricola, who translated the Bible into Finnish. We were in a land of religious liberty and Protestantism again! The difference from Russia in the look of everything is very marked. Even the plain people look brighter and more intelligent. It seems more like a German city,—a little Berlin. The ladies look as if they had been armed and equipped at Redfern's. The air of thrift, business, and prosperity is very marked, and the place, with its population of fifty thousand, is altogether delightful. We left, at 6 o'clock, the city and fortifications, ablaze and ruddy with slanting sunlight, presenting for a long way a beautiful appearance. And then we entered upon a "Royal Progress," over smooth and placid waters, along an island-dotted shore, again through a regular archipelago, changing every ten minutes,—sometimes surrounded by low, rocky islands, and again by low-lying, thickly-wooded ones.

At 9 o'clock we came into a narrow channel, and for two hours it was very much like the St. Lawrence and the Thousand Islands; for one moment we would be in a narrow channel, apparently not more than one hundred and fifty feet wide, and then we would enter a little

land-locked bay, without visible outlet, and in a twinkling would round a point, and catch a long stretch of beautiful, river-like expanse. And rarely a sign of human life! The sun set at half-past nine, the lovely afterglow flushed the western sky, and the moonlight grew brighter and brighter. It was enchanting! But about 11 o'clock the wind arose, keen and cold, and reluctantly we "turned in," knowing every succeeding hour would be filled with wondrous natural beauty. But at six the next morning we were upon the deck. No word will portray the scene. The air was warm and lovely, the waters very calm. Soft and delicate lay the low, wooded shores,—islands upon every side, and a line of beauty at every glance. It was the wild loneliness of the Adirondacks, the picturesque confusion of the Thousand Islands, the placid beauty of Lake George, and the rugged shores of Mt. Desert,—all so mingled and interwoven, that like the Russian brocades it was one glorious sheen of gold.

As we neared Abo, all along the pretty islands and rocky shores tasteful little Gothic and fanciful summer villas peeped out from among the trees, and it really seemed as if we must be somewhere in our own land. Entering a bay, apparently without outlet, we turned suddenly into a narrow, canal-like river, lined with fine stone

quays, and double rows of trees. Again we were surprised by handsome buildings, wide streets, and a general expression of business alertness and prosperity. We took a carriage and drove to an observatory, upon a hill-top, which commanded a beautiful view over the pretty town, almost buried in foliage, and way out upon the waters by which we came. Then we drove to the Cathedral of St. Henry, founded in 1300, which was really very fine, and quite recalled some of the English cathedrals, and the old German Gothic edifices. It is beautifully located upon a knoll and surrounded by fine old trees and a park. It is of brick, and wide and homely outside, but the interior, like all tall vaulted Gothic buildings, is impressive and solemn, although plain and rude in finish. It is called the "Cradle of Christianity in Finland," for the "first Episcopal chair was instituted in it." Side chapels, with colored family escutcheons, and quaint tombs, and a beautiful octagonal one, with superb granite sarcophagus, to the memory of a queen of Sweden who was a woman of the people, who wedded the king, and after his death and downfall retired to her native Finland to die,—make the place of great interest.

At 7 o'clock we left Abo, and soon were threading our glorious way through islands great and small, islands of bare rock, and islands cov-

ered with low growth of evergreens. The only oak-trees in Finland are in this vicinity. It is useless to attempt to portray the breathless beauty and matchless glory of the ensuing three hours. We thought the previous evening was perfect, but this surpassed it. It was like sailing over a great, broad lake, dotted with innumerable and fairy-like islands, with waters calm and ruddy and golden in the late sunlight. Sometimes we would pass pleasure parties in pretty, nautical dresses, and with the national colors flying; again, some vessel, "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean;" and at times the only sign of life was the white-winged gulls and water-fowls. It was so warm that supper at 9 o'clock was served on deck.

The suppers and breakfasts amused us very much. At one end of the table were "appetizers," a dozen or more plates of salt and dried fish, smoked and cooked cold meats, cucumbers, anchovies, sardines, and "such like," and in decanters all the dreadful Russian whiskey one chooses to drink. There is no waiting on the table. Every one takes a plate and helps himself, and the hot courses that follow alone are passed. We thought the shore grew more bold and rocky, but at no time was it mountainous or even hilly. This low-lying line of mainland and islands at times seemed tame, and it is monoto-

nous; but in such weather it could never be tiresome, for it never ceased to be in expression and influence dreamy, poetical, and spiritual. We revelled in it all till midnight. The next morning, from seven until twelve, nothing could have been more enchanting than the tranquil waters and sun-bathed shores.

For a few hours before reaching Stockholm, the shores were bolder, and lovely cottages peeped out from woods and shady nooks. We passed a large fort and a pretty village, and then the waters and shores spread out, wonderfully like the Hudson, with here a costly villa, there a great, grim, square, and towered castle, looming up above the trees,—and everywhere beauty of outline and verdure. Two or three spires in the distance appeared above a mound-like island, and we knew the end was drawing nigh. We rounded the island, and with charming surroundings upon every side, of lovely summer villas, etc., came into sight of the northern capital, and ere long fine structures, palaces and churches, described a semi-circle, which for exquisite delicacy and beauty of effect takes rank in our memory with Venice itself. Some one may come along in the rain and the cold, and, missing all the glory of summer seas and golden sunlight, tell a very different story; but with us the half has not been told.

## D E N M A R K.

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### THE DANISH CAPITAL.

YEARS ago, in the Danish department of the old Crystal Palace in New York, there was an exhibit of *replicas* in plaster of Thorwaldsen's famous statues of Christ and the Apostles. Colossal in size, imposing in effect, solemn in expression, and grand in conception, they made an impression which intervening years have neither effaced nor destroyed. So, as we drew near to Copenhagen, our thought was not of a characteristic old city, king's palaces, or galleries of pictorial art, but of the marble originals of these statues, standing in the place for which they were designed. We at once drove therefore to the "Frue-Kirke," or "Church of our Lady," which is the most ancient and best endowed church in the city. Founded in the twelfth century, it witnessed until 1660 the coronation of the successive kings and queens. It has suffered much by fire, and fearfully, in 1807, from the bombs of Lord Nelson's fleet. It is a great, massive build-

ing with a heavy tower, and statues of Moses and David by Thorwaldsen. After the ornate exteriors and gorgeous interiors of the ecclesiastical structures of the Continent, it is dull and heavy, and within, cold and sombre. Thorwaldsen presented in 1838 these wonderful statues, and made it forever a shrine.

The interior does not seem like a church, but rather a grand and majestic hall, made solemn and awe-inspiring by these white and stately figures. Entering, one sees at the extreme end an apse, with a frieze by Thorwaldsen, representing the walk to Golgotha. Within this semi-circle stands a pediment, supported by columns framing a deep niche of dark terra-cotta hue. Beneath this stands, majestic and alone, the colossal figure of our Lord, with pierced outstretched hands, as if repeating his own words inscribed below, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Before this stands the simple altar, or communion table, and, at equal distances, four tall bronze candelabra. The line of the semi-circle, or apse, is continued by a massive brass balustrade, which forms a large, irregular chancel, in the centre of which stands Thorwaldsen's baptismal font,—an angel kneeling and upholding an immense shell. This spacious chancel and unusually wide central aisle show the colossal figure of our

Saviour with fine effect. He stands in the soft, subdued light, as He always should stand in a place of Christian worship, the “chief among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely.”

Upon either side of the long nave are seven arches and six piers, supporting a recessed gallery with a long row of heavy columns. Between these arches, in front of every pier, stand the statues of Paul and the eleven Apostles (Judas Iscariot not being represented). The Apostles were modelled by Thorwaldsen, but sculptured by his pupils, the Saint Paul alone being wrought by him. There is a strange solemnity and austerity, but, at the same time, delicacy and grace, about all of these silent, simply-draped figures. The seraphic upturned face of Saint John seems as if he is about to write upon the book he holds some rapturous revelation. The Peter is heroic, but with a sad, wondering look. The Saint Thomas is lost in thought. Like many others, it is *hard* work for him to *believe*. The ceiling is round-arched and coffered, and has a slight tint of blue and touch of gold. Everything else is sombre and cold, perhaps intensified by all the light coming from sky-lights.

After walking all around and looking carefully at every statue, we went to the end of the broad aisle, and gave ourselves up to the influence, expression, and spirit of the scene. As we

looked upon these two lines of solemn, earnest faces, the words of the *Te Deum* — “The glorious company of the apostles praise *Thee*” — seemed floating in the air; but somehow the gaze and thought gravitated to the distant but no longer colossal figure of our Lord. The whole expression of gesture, line, and feature is “Come!” In the hush and stillness of the grand but sombre place, looking long and intently at that gentle, majestic form,—

“It seemed as if the Christ . . .  
Had come from heaven, to track us home.  
And any of the footsteps following us  
Might have been His.”

Leaving the church, instinctively we wended our way to the Thorwaldsen Museum, a national tribute to a single artist which is unequalled and unsurpassed the world over. The building, constructed expressly to enshrine the plaster casts and a few marble *replicas* of his works, is a mixture of Etruscan, Greek, and Egyptian styles, and is hideous, suggesting a tomb and a reservoir. Nor is the interior, with a sort of gaudy, Pompeian decorations, any more attractive. But the contents of the forty-two rooms form an epitome of a life of poetic inspiration and artistic aspiration. The two-storied building incloses an oblong, open court, paved and bare, in the centre of which, with a coping of polished granite, is

the ivy-covered grave of him whom the nation delighteth to honor.

BERTEL THORWALDSEN.

F. DEN 19 Nov. 1770. D. DEN 24 MARTZ 1844.

It certainly was a pretty idea to lay him there, surrounded by the works of his hands, and the creations of his artistic spirit; but the effect is spoiled by the paved court and the encircling façades being coarsely painted with palms and tropical trees. In a large room opening upon it are plaster casts of the sublimest of all his creations,—the Christ and Apostles. One could not help picturing the open court as it would be with glass-protecting roof, and this one grave in the centre of fadeless green, surrounded and guarded by those grand and solemn attendants. At Potsdam (near Berlin), in an open cloister of the church, to which is attached the mausoleum of the ill-fated Emperor Frederick William, surrounded by greensward, stands this immortal Christ (in bronze), placed there by the Empress Frederick, the solemnizing, subduing effect of which is superb, and demonstrates what the other could be made. In the rooms there is everything, from a delicate bass-relief of angels, eight inches long, to a colossal equestrian statue. One long room is filled with colossal figures for monuments and tombs. Medallions, friezes, busts, bass-reliefs, and statues fill room after room.

In one is his “Jason and the Golden Fleece,” which made his fortune, and shaped his whole subsequent career. He was about leaving Rome, discouraged financially, but an error in his passport delayed him for a day or two. In the interval, Thomas Hope, a liberal English art-patron, entered his studio, saw the newly-modelled Jason, and gave him an order for it in marble. He took “fresh heart of grace,” began a triumphal career, until at last he returned to Copenhagen, and was given room in the palace for the rest of his life. So the son of a poor Iceland wood-carver became the nation’s idol and pride. In one corridor is a statue of him in his seventieth year, sculpturing a figure Hope. In another still rests upon his modelling-stand the bust of Luther, which he left unfinished. Two or three rooms are filled with furniture and articles used by him, — a most pathetic sight. Near by are the blackened and ruined walls of the old Royal Palace, destroyed, alas! by fire in 1844.

“Men said at vespers, ‘All is well.’  
In one wild night, the structure fell.”

The royal family now occupy a small and modest private palace. Although placed upon the throne by the Powers, the king is very popular and much beloved.

But more charming than any modern palace is the old Castle of Rosenberg, — right in the heart of the city, surrounded by and adjoining a lovely

park. The public park, in which is a statue of that prince of story-tellers, Hans Christian Andersen, is separated from it by a moat. It is now a museum, in most exquisite order. It is three or four stories in height, of stone, with towers and bay-windows, and statues,— all very quaint and picturesque. We passed through some twenty-five rooms of all sorts of shapes and sizes, with elaborately decorated ceilings, costly fire-places and mantels, carved wood, and hangings of rare old tapestries. The collection is considered one of the finest in Europe. Cases of court and historical costumes of velvet; silver and gold cabinets with jewelled watches; orders, rings, brooches; numerous tankards, drinking-cups, and table vessels of silver and gold; ivory and amber carvings; mosaics, rock crystal dishes; enamels of all kinds; filigree silver, and curious cameos; and the greatest lot of richly-carved, antique furniture,— crowd the rooms to overflowing. Fountains, chandeliers, tables, chairs, enormous andirons and screens, and countless smaller articles, are all in solid silver. Dinner services in ormolu and glass, rich coronation and wedding robes, jewelled swords, royal plate, and most costly relics of the extinct royal family, fairly take the breath away.

The third floor is the knights' hall, hung with costly tapestries. Here, at one end, under canopies of crimson velvet, are the two great corona-

tion-chairs. The king's is made of "Narwhale" teeth, which looks like ivory, and is profusely ornamented by silver-gilt statues and surmounted by an enormous brilliant. That of the queen is of solid silver. Before them are three enormous, solid-silver lions (the insignia of Denmark), in rampant and spirited attitude. Along the room are tall stands for candelabra, and, at the end, the royal baptismal font, all of solid silver. Two adjoining rooms are piled to the ceiling, upon brackets and shelves, with Murano glass, Chinese porcelains, and Meissen and Danish dinner-services of rare beauty. And from all this dizzying and bewildering mass of costly and superb things, one turns with a sense of relief and looks from the windows upon the lovely surroundings. From one we looked down upon a moat, bordered by enormous hawthorn-trees, which from ground to summit were as white as a snow-drift with blossoms,—and then off upon the great forest-trees, and lovely vistas of the adjoining public park.

We made an excursion to "Fredericksborg," an old château palace, about an hour from the city, which has been magnificently restored, and is now the "national historical museum." It would take half a day to tell of its beauty of aspect and situation, and the magnificence of its contents. It is an imposing and extensive pile, and picturesque from any standpoint. Seen from

one side, the tall, picturesque pile, with its quaint towers and gables, rises Venetian-like from the waters like a beautiful vision. The collection distributed through the rooms is superb. The enclosed courts are lordly and aristocratic, and the whole pile is called "the most perfect thing in Europe." The chapel is unique, with ebony and silver pulpit and altar-piece, pews of exquisite "intarsia," or wood mosaic, fine pictures by old masters, a carved organ, painted and gilded till it looks like Dresden china, and a wild exuberance of cool gray and pink and gold decorations.

At one end, and overlooking the length of it, are the royal praying-rooms. The pictures in the king's are inserted in the panels, surrounded by inlaid wood, and are by Bloch, who is called the Rubens of Denmark. Looking the length of this edifice was like gazing at a perfect, flower-decked bower, and the whole pile surpasses anything we had seen in continental Europe.

A drive through the city is very charming, for through one part stretches an immense basin or canal, broad like a river, lined with trees and a wide roadway, faced by long rows of fine buildings. Old fortifications have been demolished, and a charming road laid out, shaded by double rows of limes, which looks off upon the harbor, and picturesque forts, and the blue sea.

## S W E D E N.

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### THE VENICE OF THE NORTH.

A FAIR-FACED homesick Swede at a country-house upon the border of our most beautiful lake, in speaking of America, exclaimed, "Oh, I luv Lake George!" Not until years afterwards, when we sojourned for several days at Stockholm, did we comprehend the pertinency of the exclamation, or understand the reason for its intense glow; for as we floated over the placid waters, passed through inlets or out into bays, or encircled fairy islands, we were continually reminded of our own Horicon. And yet there are no mountains. It is called "The Venice of the North," but it is not really like it. Still, there is nothing but that fairy city by the Adriatic that compares with the beautiful scene presented here. It also suggests Geneva and Marseilles, without markedly resembling either. Situated at the "influx of Lake Maclaren into an arm of the Baltic," covering rocky hills, islands, and plains, and surrounded by water and islands in

almost every direction, its every aspect is exceedingly picturesque and strikingly beautiful.

It is no mean city, this metropolis of the north, the capital of Sweden's kingdom, with its 227,000 inhabitants, its general air of comfort, thrift, and refinement, and its peerless beauty of situation and surrounding. We were just a little surprised, for we had not anticipated such a charming combination of material prosperity and natural beauty. We had seen so much of continental Europe in mist and cloud and rain, and beneath cold and cheerless skies, that it seemed as if the superb and glorious weather, that lasted throughout our sojourn, so accentuated every point and line of beauty, that Stockholm became one of the brightest, happiest, and most enjoyable memories of our whole tour. And then it was June! and great masses of delicate clustered lilacs, yellow laburnums, pink and white hawthorn, and pink, flowering honeysuckles waved on every side. Mark Twain says "the time to visit every place in Europe is the month of June." Alas! that there is so much of Europe and so little of June!—not enough to go around!

Our hotel was most fortunately located, for the front windows commanded the most striking and picturesque scene in the city. It was like a composition picture, or a scene set for a spectacular play. A line of fine buildings, palaces,

churches, etc., facing stone quays, described a semi-circle which bent around the lake or bay. Directly opposite us rose a bold, rocky island, crowned with the extensive Royal Palace, in chaste, simple, Italian style, standing boldly and grandly against the sky. As we looked across the waters, passing rapidly toward the Baltic, we saw the gardens and front façade of this imposing palace above a mass of surrounding buildings, with a fine, double-arched bridge, connecting the rocky island upon which it stands with the mainland. At the base of this bridge, jutting out into the waters, was a beautiful semi-circular walled pleasure-ground, while in the near distance rose piles of large public buildings, and graceful spires. Looking in another direction, we could see lovely islands, placid waters, and farther on, the massive woods of the "Deer Garden," the great public park of the city. As we were there unexpectedly (having changed our route), we found ourselves upon our arrival literally without "purse or scrip;" so in the morning our first effort was to find the bankers and get some money, and a book-store and purchase a Baedaeker,—the two indispensable requisites to a tourist's comfort. Then we felt armed and equipped for the fray, and seeing at a short distance in a line before us the open portal to the court of the royal palace, "in we plunged boldly," and in a few

minutes, as luck would have it, were walking leisurely through the lovely family rooms of their majesties. It is rarely one sees the private rooms in palaces, the suites shown being usually the gorgeous and showy state apartments. These were cozy, comfortable, and had the impress of a personal and characteristic taste. A private dining-room was hung with pictures and articles of silver plate, presented at the silver wedding of the king in 1882. A state dining-room in oak was richly decorated with clusters of brackets upon the oaken panels supporting tureens, dishes, and plaques of priceless old china. A little coveting, where there was so much, may have endangered the keeping of the commandment, but it was inevitable. A cozy drawing-room (looking very much as we would like ours to appear) was full of tables, easy-chairs, bric-à-brac, and books, one of which was "Illustrations of Yellowstone Park." A charming little circular room had a mantel, mirror frame, chandelier, sofa, and chair frames, all of exquisitely decorated Dresden china. In one room stood a superb delicate pitcher-vase of colored enamel upon copper, inlaid with jewels, which was presented by the Empress Eugenie, and is insured for twenty thousand dollars. In another is a tazza upon an antique silver and jewelled standard, valued at ten thousand dollars, — an English

silver-wedding gift. One long, hall-like apartment, divided in three by rich draperies, was ornamented with great groups of lovely blue and gold Sevres china, presented by Louis XVI., and hung with portraits of Hortense and Eugene Beauharnais, and other members of that family. There was a superb buhl cabinet, which once belonged to Marie Antoinette, and upon the piano lay a Persian rug, like an India shawl in design, and velvet in finish and texture, which is valued at five thousand dollars, and was presented by the Sultan. There were also a large number of paintings given by Napoleon to Josephine. We were caught napping! We were there unexpectedly, and had not "read up," and so could not understand how so many portraits and mementos of that family came there. The guide could only say "marriage," and faithful Baedaeker said nothing. Long afterward we learned that the daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, the son of Josephine, became by marriage the Queen of Sweden.

The simplicity and domesticity of the present royal family is charmingly shown in the family sitting-room, which is full of photographs of children, grandchildren, and relatives, and in "my lady's chamber," where, with the rich furnishings, are many illuminated cards with texts, some of the loveliest of which are in English. A

few small, pretty rooms complete the suite. The king is said to possess very decided literary, musical, and scientific tastes, and is a wise and well-beloved ruler. The palace, which is four hundred and eight by three hundred and eighty-one feet, encloses a large, rectangular court. Across this we trudged to the opposite end, and ascended to the state apartments, some ten or twelve sumptuously and gorgeously appointed rooms, decorated with old tapestries, rich draperies, pictured panels, and a sheen of mirrors and gold. The banqueting hall, called the "White Sea," was very novel, being one hundred and forty feet long, and entirely in white and gold. The windows all commanded lovely and picturesque views over the city and suburbs. Ascending a staircase, another suite of eight guest-rooms was shown, with exquisite bits of historical furniture.

A few blocks away is the "Riddarholm Kyrka," or church, where for centuries the members of the royal family and distinguished Swedes have been buried. It has not been used for service since 1807, except upon the occasion of a royal interment. It is a queer-looking pile, being a Gothic church, surrounded by chapels of a different style, and having a tall, open-work spire of iron. The interior is very curious, being rudely finished, with the side walls covered with a

patchwork of square escutcheons, with crests of all the defunct "Knights of the Seraphim," with here and there groups of captured battle-flags. In the side chapels are very beautiful sarcophagi. An immense one of green marble contains the body of the great Gustavus Adolphus; another, of black, with brass ornaments of lion skin and crown, that of Charles XII., and a massive one of red porphyry, that of Charles XV. Beneath these chapels in large, open rooms stand the royal coffins, covered with red, purple, and black velvet. The room now used is ceiled, walled, and paved with white and yellow crown-tiles. The velvet, gilt, and metals were very fresh, and the later caskets were covered with fresh flowers. Beside one stood a large copper urn, and on top of the casket a smaller one. When the old woman attendant was asked what they were, she screwed up her face and putting one hand on the large one, rubbed her other hand over her stomach. Then she pointed at the other and laid her hand on her heart. We understood as well as if Swedish was our vernacular, and it was irresistibly funny.

Close to our hotel, facing the water, was the King's Garden, a pretty little park, with handsome lawns, ribbon and mosaic flower-borders, and several bronze statues. We found all through the city numerous little parks and pleasure-

grounds, with a profusion of flowers and shrubbery. We recall no city of its size with so many delightful "breathing-places."

Facing the water also is the National Museum, a fine and imposing structure finished in 1865. The gallery of paintings compared with the collections we have so recently visited seemed inferior ; yet there were many paintings, especially the modern Swedish ones, we would have been the poorer not to have seen. An extensive, varied, and superb collection of ceramics fills several large rooms, running the gamut in styles and colors, from Moorish Spanish to modern Sevres, and including the work of about every nation. Then there is an interesting and instructive collection of antique Swedish furniture and interior carvings, and also a fine museum of Swedish antiquities of the flint, bronze, and iron ages. In the sculpture rooms was the loveliest "Sleeping Endymion" imaginable, which was found in Hadrian's Villa, that marvellous treasure-house at Tivoli. Somehow, in a moment, we were no longer in Sweden, but among the violets and anemones that star and deck that wreck and ruin of a wondrous past. But after all, the greatest charm of Stockholm is the large number of delightful excursions by land and water in every direction, which may be taken for almost nothing. Small steam-launches dart rapidly to

and from incessantly, while larger boats leave at longer intervals. As we had approached from the sea, we took only one of the longer excursions, that to "Drottning-holm," about three quarters of an hour away. It was a lovely trip, past closely-wooded and rocky shores, dotted with villas. The name signifies "Queen's garden island." A few moments' walk, and we stood before a quaint old palace. It is said to be sumptuously fitted up ; but we looked toward the garden and the cool, sequestered park, and said we were tired of the likes of the former, and hungry and thirsty for the latter, and so sauntered along the avenues formed by grand old trees, and looked off upon billowy lawns, with Chinese pagoda and other structures. It was a picture of delicious quiet and repose, and it was good to be there. The day of our departure was the Midsummer Holiday, the longest day in the year. We took a four-hour drive, back in the country, visiting Carlberg Castle, and seeing its lovely park, — then to Solna Church, one of the most ancient in Sweden. It was very curious, being a circular, central structure with aisle and choir opposite in a straight line. Fine old black and white marble tombs, gayly painted and gilded, carved escutcheons, and quaint old chandeliers and hour-glasses on the pulpit, made the interior very interesting. It was in the centre

of a beautiful cemetery, the most aristocratic in Stockholm. Many of the memorials were inscribed with a duplicate of the person's autograph. Then we drove on to the Park and Palace of Hague, which was also very beautiful, and further on to the Park and Palace of Ulriesdael, close to a pretty arm of the Baltic. This last was a fine château, and is filled with old furniture, portraits, etc. The park is exquisite, having fine old trees, a wilderness of wild-flowers, and one grand and lovely avenue.

This gives but faint idea of the beauty of Stockholm's suburbs; for constantly are seen stretches of water with low, wooded shores, sometimes like little rivers, but oftener like mountain lakes, which in the full verdure and floral display of June is perfect. As we returned we drove the whole length of the Deer Garden, *the park of the city*, a beautiful, rolling expanse, with unusually picturesque old oaks and forest-trees, and many lovely glimpses of water. It was a holiday. All the shops were closed and factories stopped, and it seemed as if every man, woman, and child was out. It made these parks bright with picturesque groups; for under the trees, upon every knoll, by the cool waters, and covering the hillside, were little family parties, with hammocks, baby-wagons, and provisions. Occasionally a bright national costume gave a

touch of acceptable color; and it did one good to see how bright and happy the people appeared. As later we moved rapidly away upon the train in the cool of the evening twilight, and looked back at our stay, we felt we could reiterate (with slight variation) very truthfully the maiden's ejaculation by our beautiful lake, "Oh, I *luv*—Stockholm!"





*Bellagio.*

• 1901-0

## I T A L Y.

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### AN EDEN OF TO-DAY.

IT is well-nigh impossible to speak in extravagant terms of the extreme beauty of the Italian Lake district in summer time. For from the head of Lake Como, along the length of Lake Lugano, and to the extremity of Lake Maggiore, is most emphatically in nature a “linked sweetness long drawn out.” Perhaps this wondrous stretch of dreamy outline, of poetic expression, and of delicious color may be equalled; but, surely, all the broad world o’er, it cannot be surpassed. The lakes are small, according to our American ideas; but all Europe seems contracted and diminutive to one accustomed to thinking of the space between Portland and San Francisco and Lake Superior and St. Augustine as “our country.” Como boasts only of about thirty miles, every rood of which, however, is of transcendent loveliness, when clothed in summer verdure and trembling in delicious haze.

Lugano is hemmed in by mountains so lofty and irregular that there is an air of wildness and loneliness quite unlike, but none the less fascinating or bewitching than, the others. But Maggiore is a monotonous stretch of some thirty-seven miles of matchless and exquisite loveliness of form and color, that bewilders and intoxicates and fairly wearies with its absolute perfection.

It was late in the afternoon of a sultry August day when we took the little steamer at the head of Lake Como. The cooling shadows of the western hills lay upon the placid waters, while the mountains upon the other shore were steeped and saturated with glowing sunshine and exquisite color. And for an hour or two we floated along on our way to Bellagio, touching at several of the picturesque villages along the shore. The air was so soft and balmy, the outline of the mountains against the sky so tender, the color and the sheen of the great irregular slopes so exquisite, the tall campaniles along the shore and in villages which dotted the mountain-sides so white and pearly, the waters so delicate, that it seemed like a dream or realization of fairy-land. "Sunny Italy at last!" we repeatedly exclaimed, as we looked at the wealth of verdure, the shadow-flecked white walls and roads, and the picturesque features of the country life. The larger villages at which we touched were gor-

geous and resplendent with pink oleanders of enormous size, flowering shrubs, countless flower-borders, and exquisite trailing and pendant vires. At one place a child's funeral was about to take place. Some twenty little girls, dressed in white, with long flowing veils, and holding tall candles, waited near the church porch, while a little platform car, with canopy, all of white and profusely ornamented with garlands of lovely flowers, and drawn by two tiny ponies, was being hurried to the scene. It was like a picture by Breton. And then, the numerous and pretty villas, half buried in the cool green of walnut and chestnut groves high above the waters, and the constant shifting of the scene, by the changing course of the steamer, was kaleidoscopic, and like a succession of brilliant gems and jewels. The weather was perfect, and all nature seemed one glad, exultant, and contented song.

The scenery of Lake Como cannot be understood by any comparisons. It may in a certain scene suggest some portions of the Highlands of the Hudson, and in another, lovely and peaceful Lake George,—and yet it is not the counterpart of either. Irregular in shape; hemmed in, almost everywhere, by lofty, graceful, moss-covered, and gray mountains; with white Italian villages of square, flat-roofed buildings, and tall,

square campaniles, rising solitary and alone, like a single finger pointing upwards; with every variety of mountain outline, and every shade of living green,— it possesses an individuality all its own. No one word expresses its peculiar charm and expression as comprehensively as “loveliness.” The green waters are like a priceless jewel, set in a verdant enamel. Along the mountain-sides are seams and fissures, which, as the sun strikes aslant, cast deep shadows, and give the whole sweep an appearance of burnished and greenish bronze.

At seven o'clock we reached Bellagio, most charmingly located upon a bold promontory which divides the lake into two arms or bays, called respectively the Lakes of Lecco and Como. Our windows looked upon beautiful and spacious grounds, a mosaic of flower-beds and lawns, interspersed with stately palms, magnificent evergreens, and numerous flowering shrubs. A bank at one end, and another in the rear of the hotel, were well-nigh obscured by a mass of pink and blue hydrangeas, and a wealth of trailing roses, a “sight to behold.” Beyond the lovely grounds lay the lake, mirror-like in surface and brilliancy, and on its opposite shore the glittering white hotels, villas, and houses of Menaggio, Cadenabbia, and Tremezzo, at the foot of the lofty, green mountains.

A little way to our left lay the white village of Bellagio. Pleasure-boats, with awnings and gay flags, floated to and fro; away in the distance the mountains towered range beyond range into the sky, and an atmosphere of profound peace and quiet brooded over the scene, and filled the mind and heart.

In the cool of the early morning the outlook was a heavenly vision of peace that "passeth understanding," — a leading, indeed, "by still waters and green pastures" rarely experienced in any scene. And even when the full glare of the noonday sun made it one blaze of gold, scarcely relieved by shadow, it did not lose its heavenly peace and beauty. Long will that outlook, so absolutely perfect and profoundly beautiful, so cool and refreshing to the body, and so peace-giving and restful to the soul, linger in our memory. There is much "to do" at Bellagio, if one enjoys beautiful grounds and lovely views from elevated points; for all around upon the hillsides are villas and terraced gardens, and along the shore numerous places of interest.

We passed a delightful morning in a visit to the "Villa Carlotta," upon the opposite shore, — the property of a German princeling. Across the placid waters we were silently rowed in a barge protected by a canopy, enjoying exquisite

views of all the encircling hills, as well as the bolder and grander ranges beyond the Lecco arm of the lake. Too soon we reached a little landing-place, opposite which were tall, stone gate-posts, and lofty and handsome wrought-iron gates, all intertwined and picturesque with rose and other vines, which wreathed and well-nigh obscured the stone cherubs lifted in the air upon the posts, as upon pedestals.

The villa is a straight up-and-down affair of four stories, built upon a terrace, quite above the shore, and approached within the gates by zig-zag stairways of stone, all enveloped with roses and vines and exquisite pendant ferns. From the balustrades hung great masses of coral-like bloom, and lovely, riotous clusters of roses, etc., hugged the sides of the walls. Only the first story of the villa is shown, — a hall, or vestibule, and two spacious salons.

It was a vision of Italy, the Italy of story and song, presented by these cool and lofty rooms, with outlook through windows, along vistas of light and shadow, and glimpses of magnificent surroundings, basking in the full, bright sunlight. It was very hot without, but deliciously cool and refreshing within. The vestibule has a grand and costly frieze of the "Triumph of Alexander," by Thorwaldsen, which cost seventy-five thousand dollars, and several beautiful

statues by Canova. At one end stands his wondrous group of "Cupid and Psyche," peerless, like the bronzed Mercury of John of Bologna, in the Florentine Bargello, for its purity, delicacy, and spirituality of expression, and its airy grace and aerial lightness of limb and feature. It is the embodiment of passionless adoration and surrender, of perfect grace and refined delicacy, and a miracle of technical workmanship in every detail. It does not seem possible that these two figures, so charmingly intertwined, can be sculptured from a solid block of adamant. Should they separate and float silently and quietly into the air, it would seem only natural, and occasion no surprise. It is a marvellous "triumph of mind over matter;" of lofty genius over the limitation of unyielding stone. One is filled with wonder that man dared to try to liberate it from a great, unshapely block of rough marble. The wings are joined on to the figure of Cupid, but all of the rest — the graceful limbs, the wonderful hands, the lithe and delicate forms — are cut from a single block.

We tarried long in the surrounding grounds, a paradise of beauty, an arboretum of innumerable choice trees and exquisite shrubs, all rollicking and luxuriating in the hot Italian sunshine, as if it was a joy to live. At one side the grounds are arranged in the old-fashioned Italian style,

with terraces, long, over-arched, and shaded alley-ways, and a charming bower, looking out through vistas of cool, overhanging boughs of evergreens, upon the gleaming lake and the lovely "other shore." Along the terrace walls great showers of fuchsia blossoms trembled; around statue or column entwined huge masses of a species of "trumpet creeper," throwing out into the air graceful sprays of gorgeous flowers; roses in wild, exultant profusion hung upon every side; while a great variety of coniferous trees, great, glowing magnolias, and glistening laurels and rhododendrons appeared in groups, or long, cool vistas. The luxuriance of foliage and variety of growth was tropical and jungle-like in character and appearance. Close to the villa stands a superb and enormous magnolia, said to be over a hundred years old, with an immense trunk, and long, outstretching branches, which, lying upon the ground, form the base of a huge, conical pyramid of great, glossy leaves and beautiful seed-pods, which towers high in air. To see this in full bloom would alone be worth the journey over the Alps.

Upon the opposite side, the grounds are a perfect contrast, being in the English style, with the trees and shrubs in groups, and the arrangement less formal and conventional. Great, beautifully-developed evergreens of immense

variety, and fine trees of almost every species, rise from grassy banks; hillsides are covered in some places with close growth of azaleas, and roses and flowers of every kind glow with colors brilliant and beautiful. Great lush-red roses appear in huge clusters up in the branches of dark evergreens. Ferns, cyclamen, ivy, and countless plants appear upon every side as if spontaneously. And as if this wondrous variety of hillside, trees, flowers, and shrubs was not enough, continually through the thick-matted or low-bending tree-boughs views rapturously beautiful of the peaceful lake and the verdant, graceful hills appear. Myrtles, glistening and green in foliage, entwined with roses, white and rare, delight the eye. And as we neared the villa again we passed beneath a bower covered with growth of lemon and citron, with golden fruit pendant from the trellis roof. Reluctantly we turned away from this miniature Eden, and, crossing the lake, awaited the afternoon, which was to furnish us with a boat-excursion to Como.

A boat-ride of two and one half hours, with such surroundings of form and color as are seen between Bellagio and Como, is not to be spoken of lightly. Yet words fail to picture the loveliness and grace of that wondrous panorama of hill and mountain side, of soft, delicious color,

and of dreamy visions of heavenly peace and rest.

The scenery of the lake does not vary. What is said about one part applies literally to all. The same lofty green and gray mountains upon every side, and the same little villages along the shore, or perched upon shelves upon the mountain-sides, and the same placid, glistening, green waters, are everywhere visible. At times the rounded heads of the mountains, lifted high in air, were so closely clothed in verdure as to appear as if covered with moss, or as a gentleman by us remarked, as "if they had had their hair cut."

Many of the most picturesque villas with lovely grounds, colonnades, etc., and many of the most important towns and huge palatial hotels, lie along this enchanted way. We found Como fairly broiling in the afternoon sun, and contented ourselves with a stroll through the cool, shadowy arcades of its narrow streets, and a visit to the duomo, or cathedral. It is a queer architectural mixture, within and without; but with its marble exterior and sculpturings, its elaborate ceiling, and stately dome, it is considered the best in Northern Italy. Statues of the older and the younger Pliny (who were born at Como) adorn the front of the cathedral, upon either side of the main portal. A statue of Volta,

the great electrician (whose name, however, is much more firmly perpetuated in the “volts” of to-day), stands near the quay.

The situation of the busy little town with twenty-five thousand inhabitants is beautiful, as it is encircled by an amphitheatre of mountains and hills. But the heat was so intense we were glad to take the steamer again, which soon brought us into the cool, delicious shadows of the lofty mountains; and we passed on through miles of tremulous haze, and atmosphere of intoxicating peace, to Bellagio. An hour or two later the white moonlight gave the last perfecting touch to the serene and heavenly beauty of the scene from our windows.

Alas! that there should be no rest for the sole of the tourist’s foot! Although, like many another, very often his “willing soul would stay in such a frame as this,” yet if he ever expects to get through Europe, he must “forever on, like seaweed tossed.” And we were no exception to the inexorable rule.

In the cool of the early morning we crossed the lake to Menaggio, where we took a narrow-gauge road, and ascended the hillside rapidly, having exquisite views as we looked down upon the waters, and across upon Bellagio, and to the mountain-ranges beyond. The road bent and curved through a charming country upon a hill-

side, overlooking at times a pretty, inland valley, and passing through a long tunnel, reached its highest elevation of twelve hundred and fifty feet.

In an hour we had descended and were upon the shore of Lake Lugano. It is none the less beautiful than Como, but as it is wilder it is more grand, solitary, and impressive. The mountains are often higher, and it seems more withdrawn and reserved. Como seems to laugh with exultant and exuberant life, while Lugano seems wrapped in earnest and solemn thought and purpose. For an hour we passed picture after picture along its wild and lonely mountain shore; and then, suddenly rounding a point, we came into a bright and lovely bay, upon the opposite shore of which, far away, appeared the tiled roofs and tall campaniles of the little village of Lugano, — a beautiful surprise.

A wait of two hours, and we took another steamer and journeyed the length of the lake, looking back at the villa-dotted environs of Lugano, and up to the summit of San Salvatore (the loftiest mountain of all), which, from our constant turning into deep bays to make landings, seemed placed before us in an infinite variety of form, and at most unexpected moments. It was marvellous in its cloudlike softness and delicacy of form and outline. At one place a railway embankment crosses an arm of the lake.

The smoke pipe was lowered as we passed beneath arches in the centre. We made two or three landings and then entered a narrow river-like strait, and soon reached "Ponte Tresa," where we disembarked, and again (after a vexatious customs examination) took a narrow-gauge road, and, ascending, passed through a fertile and busy valley, close to a rushing and picturesque river, until we came to Luino on Lake Maggiore. There we took a steamer for thirty-seven to forty miles progress through all that constitutes loneliness and beauty of scenic effect. Its greater width (varying from two to five miles) makes the views finer and grander than the other lakes. One is far enough away to take in the whole effect of the mountain-ranges, while the same delicious stillness and enchanted colorings of the others brood and rest upon it.

It seems more like our country in that the views are so far outreaching and extensive. Along the sloping shores the villages glisten and gleam; often a wall-protected road is seen, hugging the base of forbidding mountains; and all the features of Como and Lugano, and often those of Switzerland, pass before the eye. It is a dream, a vision, a scene which surpasses all that imagination can conjure. The lake is so wide that one can look long and dwell upon its wondrous surroundings. At first the glare and heat were tiresome, for the sun was not hidden

as early as upon lovely Como. But as the day wore on, the low-descending sun bathed the distant mountains in tints of blue and purple, which against a soft, yellow, glowing sky produced an exquisite effect. An hour or more later, as we rounded a cape, far away against the glowing western sky appeared the snowy crests of the Simplon, and others of the Monte Rosa Alpine group; and all the rest of the way before us was this wondrous spectacle of warm summer sea, green mountain heights, dark, grim Alpine mountains, and these lofty peaks, seamed and ribbed with lines of white, raising their snowy crests against a glory of deep orange, melting amber, and liquid gold.

In the gathering hush of evening, as we neared the end of the lake, the Borromean Islands, floating like gardens unanchored and unconfined, appeared in view. A stop at Pallanza and Baveno, a gliding across smooth waters, and we were at Stresa, and the long, golden day was done. It was the evening of the Festa of the Assumption of the Virgin, and from various hill-tops bonfires glowed, and the little villages upon far-away mountain-slopes were a blaze of twinkling lights. Across the bay came often the soft tinkle of distant bells, in far-away white campaniles.

The view from Stresa is superb, sweeping a wondrous panorama of Alps upon Alps; of moun-

tains, billowy in outline, shadowy and tender in color, of wide expanse; of glistening, shimmering waters; of the pretty Borromean Islands, like bits of fairyland lying upon the smooth bosom of the lake; across the bay the town of Pallanza; and here and there, upon the heights beyond, the white gleam of villas or villages. Until these Italian towns are seen basking and revelling in the hot, noonday, summer sun, no real conception of the ideal beauty of the white-walled, red-roofed piles can be gained. They seem to absorb the sun, and in its delicious warmth stand out like a soft, tropical flower.

Early the next morning we took a row-boat, for three or four hours, among the islands. They number four, but only two belong to and bear the name of the Borromeo family. Quite near to the Stresa shore floats the lovely Isola Bella, like a hanging-garden of Babylon, with terraced gardens, rising in pyramidal form, with ornaments of statues and turrets suggesting a pagan temple or place of worship. From our windows nothing could be more fairy-like or artificial; for all we see rising from the waters are arches and terraces, two octagonal towers, and a group of great sombre evergreens. It fairly floats, and if unmoored might drift most naturally away, an argosy of bright and beautiful things. But beyond and hidden is a church, a

group of houses, and a large and commodious palace. In the seventeenth century a count of Borromeo built a château there, and converted the barren rock into a "midsummer night's dream," making some ten terraces, one above another, graduated in size, and rising a hundred feet above the lake, and stocked it with "lemons, cedars, magnolias, laurels, camphor, cork, oleanders, and other southern trees;" and now, for two hundred years, the desert place has blossomed like the rose.

We passed through the palace (in which Napoleon slept after Marengo) and hurried to the fairy-like terraces. The wonderful variety of trees, flowers, and shrubs would make any place delightful. Upon the first great terrace was an immense camphor tree, with long, glossy leaves (no odor but a very decided flavor), and twenty enormous oleanders, brilliant with thousands of great pink blossoms. We smiled as we thought of those we see at home in pots and boxes, and call large, for these were twelve and fifteen feet in height and fully twelve in diameter. Stone stairways lead to each of the narrow terraces which form a pyramid, the highest one making a pleasant promenade with superb outlook over land and water. Ivies and japonicas, roses and bignonia grandiflora, cover the terrace walls, wreath the rude statuettes and turrets, and hang in great, voluptuous masses

of color and blossom which wave to and fro with every breeze. Vulgar and artificial though it is, the wealth of foliage and wilderness of blossom make it a veritable paradise. Upon a broad, lovely terrace to one side are a number of great evergreens, including some "American Pines," of great size. It was all like a play, a story, or a poem. Pictures formed themselves at every turn, — in the arches, mantled with ivy or trailing vines, or the stone staircases or balustrades, wreathed with floral bloom or green boughs, — while the views toward Pallanza and over the lake were enchanting. White jasmine bloomed upon every side; great white and blush roses seemed everywhere; peacocks, in an immense evergreen, made a picturesque feature, while the soft plumage of doves could be seen in overhanging boughs, and their soft cooing continually heard. All the while the sun glowed and burned; but the breeze was cool and refreshing, and the infinite variety of branch and twig, of leaf and flower, made us indifferent. It seemed as if the wealth of a tropical clime was at our feet, and enveloped us in a glory of form and color.

A row of fifteen minutes brought us to Isola Madre, laid out in seven, great, broad, matter-of-fact terraces, upon one side covered with orange and lemon trellises. A large, homely, unoccupied palace crowns the upper terrace; but

the rest of the island is like a bit of England, with its undulating surface, ornamented with winding paths and groups of trees, effective and beautiful. Here, too, we would come upon shaded nooks where, by a handsome iron rail, one might sit and look off upon a view framed in most exquisitely by low-hanging vines and boughs. Flowers and vines and shrubs, evergreens of endless variety, and a grand collection of rare trees, make it a beautiful spot. The outlook from these islands is something wonderful, — full of grandeur, yet soft and dreamy. One gazes upon warm and sunny waters; farther on, upon sombre hills, and then upon the glaciers and white peaks of Simplon; and to one side upon the great, glittering, white granite rocks of Baveno, and upon the other, over Pallanza, and the lower hillsides, covered with chestnut, fig, and olive trees, studded with a myriad of white, pearl-like villas, — a marvellous combination of alpine and southern characteristics, of snow and wild luxuriant verdure, and of stern grandeur and soft, sensuous loveliness of outline and color. Was it a wonder we called this whole Italian Lake country a paradise, “an Eden of to-day”? The trail of the serpent doubtless could be easily found ; but we looked not for it, and so were conscious neither of its presence nor its blight.

## THE BRIDE OF THE SEA.

HACKNEYED and commonplace as they may be, no lines hold more of the subtle charm and peculiar fascination of Venice than —

“There is a glorious city in the sea :—  
The sea is in the broad,—the narrow streets,  
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed  
Clings to the marble of her palaces.”

Mystical and weird, spectral and dreamlike, the beautiful fairy-like city rises from the waters, and so floats upon the surface that, like the mists of the valley, it seems as if it will disappear at the approach of the God of day. Its character is unique ! All the world over, there is nothing like unto it. The more, therefore, is it to be regretted that it is the victim of remorseless decay. Years ago we reached the railway station (a long way from the hotels) at midnight. The moon was at the full; the air was soft and balmy. For a little time we had seen in the distance, floating apparently in the delicious haze, the outlines of domes and towers and palace roofs, touched as if with burnished silver. Sitting in a gondola, we passed silently through

wide, narrow, and tortuous canals, — the mystic streets of the phantom-like city. Not a sound save the calls of our own or an approaching gondolier,—

“ We went  
As to a floating city, steering in,  
And gliding up her streets, as in a dream,  
So smoothly, silently, by many a dome,  
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico.”

It was *the* Venice of poetry, song, and pictorial art. Never have we forgotten the suppressed excitement and delight of that hour, which was so keen as to be well-nigh painful. The quiet, shimmering waters, the silvery light, the ebon shadows, and the fairy-like outlines of rich, Gothic façades, formed a scene of enchantment that made every poetic and artistic sense vibrate with delight. Again, in these later years, we entered by the same portals upon a warm, sunny afternoon. Copious showers, early in the day, had freshened every façade. As silently, but quite as excitedly, we passed along canals grand and diminutive, —

“ By many a pile, in more than eastern pride  
Of old, the residence of merchant kings;  
The fronts of some, tho' Time had shattered them,  
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,  
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.”

But the dethroned Queen is very much like the little girl with a curl,—

“ Who when she was good was very, very good,  
But when she was bad she was horrid.”

For Venice in a drizzling rain, in cold, raw, leaden weather, tells no flattering tale. Veil it as we may, her glory is departed to come not back again. The numberless narrow canals, so picturesque when bathed in glorious sunlight or silvery moonlight, are gloomy, dingy, and forbidding, and have a general air of debility, rheumatism, and forlornness only found or approached in a public charity-hospital. And the grand and delicately-designed Gothic façades, all bedraggled and discolored and marred and disfigured by decay, are sad and pathetic in their desolation in the rain. But the traveller, if he would enjoy much of Europe, must adopt the legend upon the sun-dial: “I mark only the hours that shine.”

Concrete Venice is easily inventoried. A shallow bay of the Adriatic Sea, with one hundred and seventeen small islands, all within a radius of six and one half miles, forms her singular site,—fifteen thousand houses, one hundred and fifty canals, three hundred and seventy-eight bridges, churches as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, and palaces literally without number. In the fifteenth century she was the focus of European commerce, and held immense power and possessions in the Orient; but in that same century she lost Constantinople, and with it her supremacy

in the East. The history of the Republic, blazoned by grand old masters upon the walls of her public buildings, is a perfect glory of power and a dazzle of riches. Now, "none so poor to do her reverence." Venice is the plaything of the world, and, alas ! the toy is getting a little shabby, and needs extensive repairs.

But ideal or idyllic Venice is not so easily portrayed, for it consists not so much in what is seen, as in that which is suggested by it. It is all so unlike the rest of the world, that one is under an irresistible spell; and floating quietly over the placid waters, the long, narrow outlooks cease to be palace-lined canals, but vistas of picturesque and dreamy beauty, drawn by a limner's brush upon a canvas. The worn, dilapidated structures, rising from the waters, become, with their lesson of the transitoriness of earthly greatness, a poem of pathos, and a song in plaintive minor key, which make the soul vibrate with sentiment and emotion. Like a network, the one hundred and fifty canals interlace one another, giving a myriad of beautiful and startling pictures,—here an elaborately ornamented façade; there a hanging-garden; frequently an overarching balcony; and everywhere a profuse and voluptuous witchery of picturesqueness and beauty. Like a great, sinuous serpent, the Grand Canal winds and bends through the heart of the

enchanting city. *Grand* it is in every sense of the word, — this wide, magnificent waterway, lined with superb old palaces, rising ghost-like from the placid waves, and spanned by the one familiar bridge, Rialto, in which every lover of the “Merchant of Venice” recognizes an old friend.

You must, however, know how to read between the lines, for there is much you must not see. You must look beyond the hideous trade-signs, the shabby repairs, and the dingy, tumble-down look of defunct wealth and departed aristocracy. Along the whole line of the Grand Canal there are but two palaces which, to our modern, western eyes and sense, seem consistent or perfect, although there are many which would satisfy Continental demands. One is the late residence of Robert Browning, and the scene of his death; the other that of Baron Hirsch, who could well afford to put the whole line of the Canal in the same order.

To sit quietly in a gondola, and move along its course in an atmosphere tremulous with golden haze, is to see a line of ancient palaces with Gothic fret-work and conceits, and traces of former gilding and coloring, and quaint and fanciful outlines against the sky; while at the base of these picturesque piles the water laps and plays with soft motion and musical tone, and all

seems a fantasy or dream. A remorseless fact, however, stares one continually in the face: Venice is a pitiful ruin, with a general appearance of dilapidation, of tumbling to pieces, which is extremely pathetic. Nothing but money can restore or save it, and that is the one thing Italy sadly needs in every department. Commerce and manufactures might build up this beautiful wreck by the sea; but this is not probable, beyond a trade for its pretty glass and mosaic work, and exquisite carving of woods. Its famous velvets can be produced to-day more cheaply at Spitalfields than here. Gradually hotels, and vulgar trade in such lines as will catch the crowds of tourists, are possessing palace after palace on the Grand Canal; and the exquisite vagaries of Venetian Gothic windows and Renaissance balconies and façades rise above the chrysoprase waters, dotted with wares for sale, from the dainty, silken slippers of the dames of the old régime to the last creation of Murano glass or Italian carving.

One wonders if anywhere in the broad world there is spectacularly or architecturally more beauty, picturesqueness, or grandeur than that which spreads out like a vision as one sits in a gondola in the open waters at the beginning of the Grand Canal, and sees the island of San Georgio, with its church and tall campanile;

farther on, the white marble pile and dome of Della Salute, the exquisite palace of the Doges, and the columns and the peerless campanile of the Piazza, and the clustered domes and minarets of San Marco.

There are no monotonous hours in Venice when the weather is fine; some odd and interesting phase of life may always be seen. Although no sound of wheels, no click of horses' hoofs, are ever heard, yet you may go on foot all over the city by narrow streets and tiny bridges, and can never be quite lost in the labyrinth, for a white line set in the pavement, if followed, will always bring one to the Grand Piazza, and the holy shadows of San Marco.

One day we chanced to be upon the outskirts of the city, looking upon the calm and quiet waters of the open bay, gleaming with the sunlight. From a neighboring canal, across the perfectly quiet scene, moved quickly a gondola containing scarlet-robed priests. Another followed; and a moment later one draped to the water's edge with festoons of black cloth bordered and striped with white. In the centre, upon a raised catafalque, or platform, rested a casket covered by a large, full, black pall, with white trimmings. Before it sat a man and a boy. At the bow and stern were two gondoliers in black. Silently they moved across the stretch

of placid waters, toward the Campo Santo, upon the opposite island. Some one was thus going to the long home. The scene was deeply impressive and serious,—the long stretch of glistening waters, the glimpse of the great sea beyond, the smoothly-gliding gondolas, the graceful bending in unison of the silent gondoliers, and the expression of perfect peace and absolute repose over all.

Again, just as we were leaving the city we saw the preparations for the burial of a high military and noble official. The gondolas were profusely draped with palls embroidered in gold. Candles, palms, and floral emblems were plentiful, and an army, with silken banners, crowded the little plaza between the canal and the church, where the requiem mass was proceeding. It was all dramatic and spectacular; but one could not help thinking how much more solemn and quiet than our processions of hearse and coaches clattering over the stones was this silent passing out to sea, this “crossing the bar,”—to come not back again forever.

The use of marble, gold, and color in the construction of the church edifices in Venice is profuse and lavish, but not always with the best effect or in a refined taste, for exasperating incongruities and absurd inconsistencies are con-

tinually apparent. So many have not their jackets on ! These present a crude, rough exterior of brick which was meant subsequently to be covered with a slicing of marble, but which was either never done, or has partially disappeared. It is not unusual to see a façade, one half covered with superbly-wrought and exquisitely-sculptured marble, while the other half is an unsightly stretch of rough, common brick. Nor are the interiors much more harmonious. The most delicate sculpturings, the most magnificent bronze, and priceless canvases are "cheek by jowl" with tawdry ornamentations and plastered gewgaws; and over all is dirt and grime, that makes one wish an army of housewives, equipped with brooms, sapolio, etc., would appear. The marbles are discolored, the gold tarnished, and the colors dimmed.

It is necessary to visit a multitude of these buildings, for one will have a painting worth crossing the sea to behold; another will have carvings, or bronze, or tombs; and many, grand architectural effects. But one feels very much like a rag-picker, who goes searching in every ash-barrel, lest perchance he find a jewel. Think of a Titian, glowing and burning with soft, melting colors, with grouping and outlines of exquisite grace, and overflowing with tender, delicious sentiment, hanging in a dark, dank,

dingy church, where we would begrudge a common chromo; or a priceless marble, a poem or *Te Deum* in stone, or a grand old bronze, in an edifice cluttered up with incongruous and unfinished designs, and bouquets of tissue-paper and gilt, tinsel flowers. No, don't think of it! Just read between the lines, and see the glories of architecture and the triumphs of divine Art, and be glad so much has come into your life.

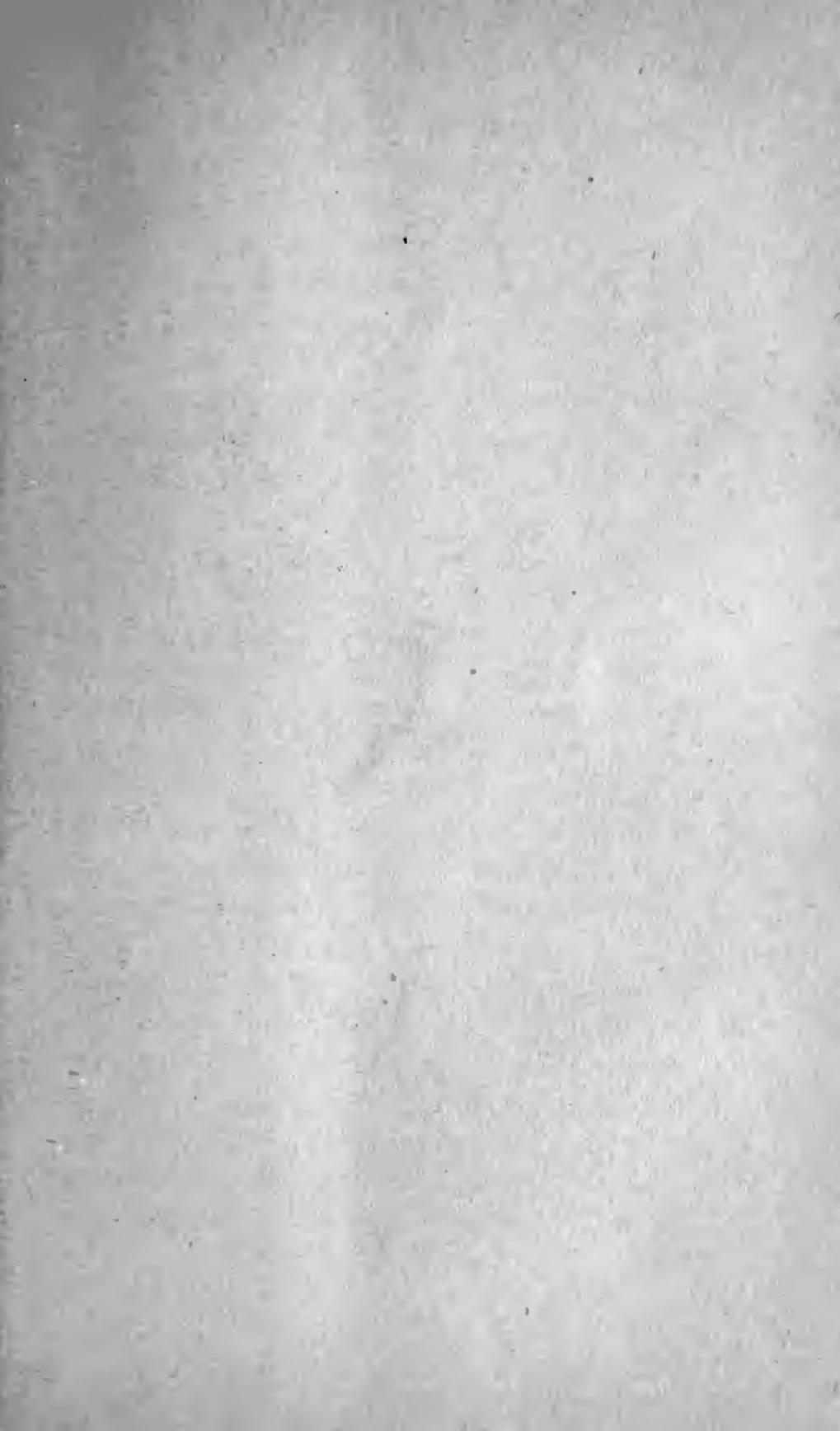
There are, of course, exceptions. San Georgio, with its square campanile and attendant buildings, is always a dignified and finished feature in the landscape. Its interior is cold and plain, but imposing, while the wood carvings in the choir are marvellous. Della Salute, with its white dome and its glory of Titians within, is familiar to every one. The Church of the Frari is a museum, fairly grotesque in details. Titian lies there beneath or within an immense architectural tomb, covered with bass-reliefs, and ornamented with statues, all in purest marble. Opposite lies Canova, in a tomb he designed for Titian, which is also repeated in Vienna over the grave of an Austrian archduchess. It is a pyramid, with half-opened door, and a procession of funereal figures about to enter. Way up upon the walls are bracketed quaint and beautiful tombs, dark with age. But amidst the wilder-

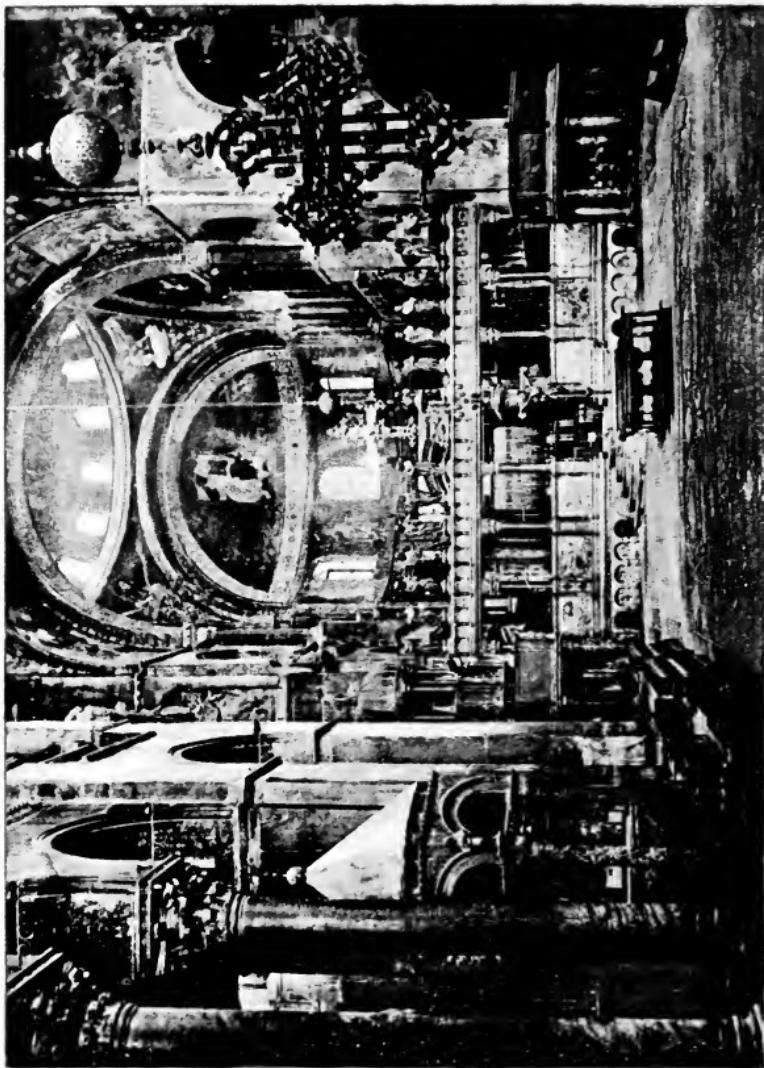
ness of marbles, etc., the one gem is Titian's Madonna, over the altar of the Pesaro family.

The most spacious and imposing of all is that of St. Giovanni and St. Paolo. The interior presents Gothic arches, a beautiful apse, huge columns, a central dome, and stately tombs of many of the Doges, which are marvellous in size, sculpturings, and colors. In the church-like Chapel of the Rosary, attached to it, was hung Titian's masterpiece, Saint Peter Martyr, which, with the magnificent carved wood of the interior, was destroyed by fire in 1867.

San Marco, the noblest of them all, does not impress one as a *building*, but as a creation, — a fairy-like fabric, a growth, a great tropical flower, a dream, or a wild, sensuous, Oriental poem in stone, mosaic, and gold. It is a wilderness of fancy, a harmony as varied and indescribable as the spray-tossed waves of the sea as they break along a sunny beach. Seen from the Piazza, against a clear, warm, blue Italian sky, bathed in sunlight, with its gilded domes and fanes, its gables and minarets, with tumultuous masses of floral forms, its statues of saints, its soft but brilliant mosaics, its glowing colors, and its multitude of beautiful thoughts crystallized in stone, it seems not of earth, but of the Apocalyptic vision, — of the new Heaven and the new Earth. It is Oriental and mosque-like;

but it is so fanciful and dainty that it is like a grand old parterre, the flower-borders of which have grown up in riotous splendor, unchecked and uncared for, until a confusion of lovely forms and blossoms and colors has overrun the whole space. It is indescribable, except that in form it is a Greek cross, with equal arms, "covered with Byzantine domes over the centre, and at end of each arm." Across the front is a flat-roofed vestibule, upon which stand the four famous gilded horses,—a queer decoration for a church, but somehow not at all inharmonious. Some five hundred marble columns, with richly varied capitals, adorn the building within and without. The front façade shows exquisite, tinted columns, along the entrance doors; above, a balustrade and the horses; then great, glorious mosaics in the arches, above which spring a sort of gable, ending in acanthus leaves tossed in air, terminating with small figures of saints, little canopy-like turrets, finished in gold, and above, the roof of the great dome, with golden finials and balls. The interior is beyond all praise or description. It is dingy, remember; but the *tout ensemble* is superb! It matters little what its form and character may be, whether Greek or Latin cross, pointed or round arch. One hardly thinks of it in detail, so intoxicating, bewildering, yet soothing, is the combined effect





*Interior San Marco, Venice.*

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of form and color. There is a sheen of gold everywhere, a blush of color in all places; a soft blending of column and arch, and screen and pulpit, in the time-tinted alabaster and marble.

As one sits absorbing the exquisite solemn tone of it, a gleam of sunshine from a different angle or distant window may alter the whole scene. Arched roof, covered with colored mosaics, upon a solid golden ground; columns of various colored marbles; side walls of veined alabaster, almost russet with the accretions of years; hanging-lamps of exquisite form; a pulpit with pagoda-like canopy; a tall, sculptured screen across the entrance of choir, with a balustrade and columns of lovely and varied colors, and upon the top fourteen marble figures of rich brown, amber-like tint; above the High Altar, a canopy upheld by quaintly-sculptured columns,—this is what one *sees* without being conscious of anything but the soft gleam of gold and rich iridescence of colors and wondrous grace of form and outline. We walked all over it,—went into the little footpaths of galleries, and looked down upon the floor, covered with mosaics, which has been so upheaved as to look billowy in surface; stood in dark corners, and sat in long slants of sunshine, yet could never get past the bewilderment of it all, and the willingness just to sit still and *feel* it, as one would an exquisite

and perfect harmony. It is a veritable "call to prayer" and sweet and solemn meditation. Its walls, covered with scriptural scenes in mosaic, are a "People's Bible." Artists are busy at different points with sketches; a few worshippers bow before the side altars, and here and there a solitary form is bent in prayer; and a crowd of sight-gazers surge to and fro. But, serene and calm, the great structure of gold and color stands unchanged in its influence and expression.

All this gives little idea of the bewildering and dazzling effect of all the inspirations expressed within and without in deftly-wrought stone, beautifully tinted mosaic, and gleaming, flashing gold. Fanciful, exuberant, and extravagant it may be; but it stands to-day unique and alone, — an allegory in enduring stone. No wonder Ruskin raved! Every one who possesses even a portion of Ruskin's spirit will feel the same vibration and thrill. Some one, plain, hard-headed, and matter-of-fact, will come along and say that as a structure it is too low, too confused, and it is all a job-lot of spoiled and tarnished fancies. But the doves will flutter around and settle here and there year after year; the fairy-like domes, the graceful pinnacles, the myriad leaf and flower forms in stone, the beautiful golden mosaics, and the odd bronze horses of the exterior, will gleam and glow in the noon-

day sun for ages, as the personification of perfect beauty and finished grace; and the rude old mosaics and the bewitching effects of colors, arches, and golden domes of the interior, will stand long as the expression of grateful tribute and reverent worship.

Close by is the Doge's palace, imposing and massive, yet graceful and ornate, with many a traceried window and floral form tossed against its walls. Its interior, with magnificent court, a Giant's staircase of marble, a beautiful loggia, and room after room of enormous size, with superb ceilings and walls glowing with the best works of Titian, Paul Veronese, Palma Vecchio, and Tintoretto, held in place by most elaborately-carved and gilded mouldings, makes the days disappear like hours. At the Academy Belle Arti, ten minutes away, hangs the gorgeous and beautiful Assumption, by Titian, and his exquisite Presentation in the Temple, which none see but to love.

A little steamer in a half hour carries one across the lagoons to the Lido, a narrow strip of land between them and the Adriatic, where is a beautiful beach, lapped by the great, green waves. Near by is the Island and Convent of San Lazzaro, ideal in its loveliness and repose. While there one morning, every palace and dome and tower of Venice was ablaze with sunlight,

and the reflection in the waters was weird and picturesque ; while toward the Lido, like a mirage, everything seemed lifted above the waters, floating like an iridescent bubble in the air. But what is the use ? Talk about it and tell about it, yet, like a mirage, it will elude your grasp. One who has seen the old city in moonlight, sunlight, and in cold, deadening storm, in a wild delirium of delight and in cold, matter-of-fact consciousness of tired body and weary brain, can only say, "It is of no use;" or declare, with the modern belle at the piano, "I cannot sing the old songs."

## THE LILY OF THE ARNO.

ANY one with the least poetry, sentiment, or artistic sense will not fail to "fall in love" with Florence; but matter-of-fact, straight-up-and-down people will see only a mediæval city, with tortuous and narrow streets with here and there a massive, weather-stained palace, a "lot of old churches," a beautiful campanile, miles of paintings in the Uffizi and Pitti, and a rapid, shallow river, between granite walls, spanned by fine bridges,—and will not think it "half as nice as Paris!" And all the while, whether "men will hear or forbear," like a picture or a dream, "*Firenze la bella*," with its expanse of flat roofs and yellow walls,—the monotony of which is broken only by an occasional square campanile or shapely dome,—lies like a great flock of white sea-gulls upon a level valley, bordering both sides of the shallow, muddy, and rapid Arno, which, with its several bridges and high-walled banks, curves and sways gracefully through it. With its environment of sunlit hills, starred with many a pretty, embowered villa, or crowned

by gray monastery walls, or tall campanile, and with the half-encircling Apennines, ranging in color from deep blue to amethyst, and on to rose, lying against the soft, opalescent, distant, snow-covered mountains, it is indeed a vision of beauty and soft, delicious color !

Happily, the first six days of our sojourn were cloudless, and we entered and saw it from various standpoints again and again, just basking and rollicking in glorious floods of sunshine. Day after day we revelled in the sight of the clear-cut outline of roofs, — of Giotto's peerless Campanile, and of the Duomo façade and dome, against the warm, deep-blue, Italian sky. These Italian cities, with their narrow, crooked streets, *need* the sun. And here in Florence, with churches and palaces so rich in frescos and masterpieces of pictorial art, a flood of sunshine making glad the dark places, making visible the wondrous but half-obliterated mural decorations, is a boon which makes the traveller's heart light within him. Its palaces, often half fortress and half palace, are of such magnificent extent and proportions, and, almost uniformly, so fine architecturally, that it seems a pity that instead of making gloomy a narrow street, or being crowded by meaner structures, they do not stand upon some wide boulevard, or open plaza. But that would not be Italy; and it is Italy we "went out

for to see." Its history is rich and full of wondrous development in Art, in marvellous growth in Literature, and of wealth lavishly but intelligently used. Any one simply walking through its streets, or strolling through its galleries, or idling in its libraries, would be impressed with this. Alas! to-day it is only a provincial town. The more is the pity, that for a few short years it was the capital of the new Kingdom of Italy; for, regarding it as a permanency, it has been made bankrupt by huge schemes of improvement and adornment that are needless now, and to make way for which a peculiar and most picturesque feature (the old walls) has been destroyed. Well do we remember how quaint and unique they looked years ago, with fleur-de-lis and spring flowers waving and nodding from every nook and cranny where they had gained rootage. Now, in their place, an unfinished boulevard encircles the town. It is very beautiful, even if it is an innovation, with its shade-trees, frequent garden-like spaces, and fine villas, and furnishes a most charming drive, with at times bewitching pictures of the old town and surrounding olive-wooded hills. Upon the hillside it leads to the new Piazza, or open square, a magnificent, elevated terrace, dedicated to Michael Angelo ; broad and level, with handsome balustrades, and in the centre, upon marble pedestal,

a *replica* of Angelo's superb David, with bronze copies at either corner of his Day and Night, and the Evening and Dawn of the Medician tomb; and with a commanding view, which sweeps the length and breadth of the Arno valley, the city with huge dome and campanile of cathedral, and the lovely heights of Fiesole, and the entire range of the Apennines, it is so noble and grand that one quite forgives the destruction of the picturesque and historic walls, which made it possible. It is the only structure of modern Florence that accords with the grand old palaces of its earlier period. Many an hour we whiled away upon it, gazing at the lovely sunlit pictures presented upon every side.

The little river below like molten metal curved gracefully out of sight. The mighty cathedral dome, like a great bubble, seemed afloat in an atmosphere of gold. The lovely campanile, with its soft harmony of coloring, rose aloft in the yellow haze. Away off upon the mountains and the hills appeared white villas and great, gray, fortress-like abodes. The Apennines were amethystine in tint and color; while against the distant horizon lay, dreamily and opalescent, a line of soft, wavy, snow-crested mountains. Often everything was suffused and the very atmosphere was tremulous with glorious light and color.

Ordinarily the Arno is an insignificant stream; but when swollen by storms it becomes quite formidable, and demonstrates the necessity for the massive granite quays which line its whole course through the city. But, faced by ancient palaces, and spanned by the quaint, mediæval Ponte Vecchio and five other bridges, it is, with its yellow, rippling waters, one of the most picturesque features, making a beautiful vista through the throbbing heart of the city, way off to the woods of the Cascine. It is shallow and rapid, but in the sunlight gleams and glistens like polished gold, and reflects and beautifies, as in a mirror, the old piles which overlook it. Upon lovely blue and sunlit days it is soft, dreamy, and Venetian-like, and the refracted light-effects are peculiarly beautiful. Our windows looked down upon one of the great bridges, and it was an endless delight to watch the multitude that thronged it from "morn till dewy eve."

The life of to-day is far from barren in the elements of the picturesque. An elegant equipage, with handsome horses and livery, is jostled by a droll, ramshackle conveyance with two wheels, drawn by a patient donkey and presided over by a rollicking, laughing peasant-boy. Cabs, great loads of merchandise, and the queerest-looking country wagons, and all sorts of

drays, often three or four times the length of the poor beast which drags them, crowd the way, while the working-horses have bells and tassels and brass ornaments enough for a holiday parade. The crowd of pedestrians is none the less motley, or full of extremes of richness and poverty. The women of the lower classes with rigolette or veil, if anything, upon their heads; the men with long, full cloaks and slouch hats; monks and sisters in monastic habits; ladies and gentlemen; common soldiers, and officers in brilliant uniforms; once in a while a vendor of embroideries in gay costume; and sometimes black-robed figures carrying a bier,—make a most picturesque and characteristic picture. But the great bridge in the early morning, with its hurry-scurry life and crowd; with the long rays of sunlight slanting through the rifted eastern clouds, and striking full upon the brilliant reds and blues and yellows of the women's costumes, the dull browns and russets and blues of the workingmen, the red and yellow and white of vehicle-wheels; the long processions of hay-loads, soft and delicate in tint, and glowing with mellow light; and the flash of military accoutrements,—can never quite fade from one's sight. In our country the crowd would be sombre and commonplace; but here pictures are suggested continually, and one's fingers tingle to perpetuate them. No wonder

the Old Masters portrayed the Mother of our Lord as they did. She was the woman, the Mother of the country, seen on every side with rigolette upon the head, and gay shawl across her generous bosom, carrying her babe upon her arm even to-day in the streets of Florence. But if the babies had been trundled in perambulators, as with us, would grouping of Divine Motherhood ever have found perpetuation upon canvas as in the Madonnas we all love so well?

Turning from the sunny quays and the golden Arno, one passes immediately into the narrow, crooked streets, lined with tall, quaint façades, and grim, dark palace-walls, which speak of "a day that is dead," of an age that is past. Strolling aimlessly along, one comes to an open plaza where, in a flood of golden sunshine, leaps into the air, clothed in soft colors and exquisite lines, the fairest creation of Italy, — the incomparable Campanile of Giotto, and beside it the stately pile of the Duomo. Again one comes to an open square, or, as they call it, a piazza, where Savonarola's soul went up to God, upon which face the grand, castle-like Palazzo Vecchio, and the celebrated Loggia dei Lanzi, an open-vaulted hall, with masterpieces of sculpture, and from which one looks along the vista of the columns, arches, and porticos of the Uffizi to the border of the Arno.

It is in churches dingy and grimy without, and dim and shadowy within, that one sees the triumphs and creations of early Italian art. In the Uffizi there is a wilderness of artistic treasures, and in the Pitti a parterre of the choicest blossoms of the Old Masters.

But there is something in the air that is not mediæval ! The light is piercing the dark places of fair Italy. Already a wide street and open plaza have been cut through the most dense and unhealthful portion of Florence, and, among the memories of the Medici, looms high in air an equestrian statue of the unwieldy, burly form of Victor Emmanuel!

If weary with all the glory of the past and the delights of a wondrous age of art (and pleasure tires as well as labor), one can revel in the magnificent avenues, the ilex and cypress-shaded walks of the Boboli Gardens, or can ascend the heights of Fiesole or the hill of the monastery of "Val d'Ema," and revel in a peaceful view which seems too fair and sweet for earth. Surely, as an old-time poet has sung, —

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth,  
None is so fair as Florence."

Or as a popular novelist expresses it: —

"She was builded in a night by Hercules, as a pleasure-toy for Venus and Flora, made with the stones from the golden Arno water, and set up in a meadow

of lilies. Hercules gave his strength as a birthright; and Flora, being content, touched the soil and said, ‘ All the year long flowers shall blossom here, and their smile shall not cease in any season ; ’ and Venus, being well pleased likewise, called her son to her and said, ‘ When you dart your arrows hither, wreath them with roses, and wing them from the eagle and the dove. ’ ”

## THE SANCTUARIES OF FLORENCE.

IN the majority of Italian towns, the interest, artistic, ecclesiastical, and historical, centres in the old churches and palaces. In every view of Florence the grand, central point is the huge, balloon-like dome and the tall, majestic campanile of the Duomo. Within an hour after our arrival in the old city, we stood in the open piazza in which stands the wonderful group of the Duomo, or Cathedral, the Campanile, and the Baptistry, whose marvellous doors of bronze were pronounced by Michael Angelo fit for the entrance-gates to paradise. Of the Campanile it may truthfully be said, "It is one of the few *perfect* structures in the world." Simple, dignified, and peerless, detached from the Duomo and square in form, it stands with its wealth of color, its simple and natural lines, its richly-traced window-arches, like a glorious poetical growth and development, and rises from the broad piazza with all the grace, richness, and sumptuousness of a superb tropical flower. Encrusted with geometric mosaic of red, black-

ish-green, and white marbles ; adorned with medallions, statues, bass-reliefs, and sculpturings ; with open window-frames, filled with exquisite traceries and borderings, so skilfully arranged that the whole mass seems to taper slightly as it ascends, — this matchless structure rises in the still, luminous air to a height of two hundred and ninety-two feet, an enduring monument to the memory of the shepherd-boy of the Tuscan hills, who, as Ruskin says, “filled the heart of Italy with sacred thoughts,” and, called of God for peculiar work, bore upon his crown the legend of David, “I took thee from the sheep-cote and from following the sheep.” Who, gazing in rapt wonder at it, can doubt the Divine gift, when he thinks of this boy, born among the lily fields, far away from Florence, being called, as Ruskin also says, “to raise that headstone of Beauty above her towers of watch and war” ? Fluttering with ceaseless motion through the open windows, or resting in depths of bass-reliefs or niche, are countless doves, or pigeons, which, being regularly fed upon the plaza below, never leave it, but give a peculiar life and spirit to this dream of sculptured color.

Close to it, but separated by a few feet, stands the beautiful and stately Duomo, encrusted alike with mosaic of black and white marbles. “A little oil cloth-y,” some say, who do not admire.

The consciousness that all this beautiful marble is only a *crust*, and is in no sense essential to, or a part of, the stability and strength of the structure, and the feeling that it may slide or scale off with any violent atmospheric disturbance, is not pleasant. But the building is fine! It is not solemn and impressive, like an English cathedral, with its quieting and meditative close, and its ponderous air of “God only is great,” and its commanding “Come, let us worship and bow down before the Lord our Maker;” but cheering, inspiriting, and elevating, with its glad, joyous, “Let us go up to the house of the Lord together,” “Let us give *thanks*,” and “Let us *rejoice* in the Lord alway.” Above the huge pile the great, octagonal dome — the mother of all the domes of Europe — broods over the projecting chapels, much as a hen doth over the chickens beneath her wings. Of late years, an elaborate and harmonious front façade has been constructed, — a perpetual song of joy and gladness, without one discordant note. As yet, unstained by time, it stands like an exquisite embroidery, rich with fret-work of delicate design, covered with niches and statues, and adorned with minute decorations of golden mosaic. Three glorious doorways, each with a framework of patiently and delicately wrought white marble, and exquisite mosaic pictures in the spandrels,

adorn it. And enshrined high upon its glorious face, in a golden niche, is the effigy of her who was indeed "blessed among women," holding the Divine child.

We first saw it in the full glare of sunlight, and every carving, every detail, and every bit of tiny gold encircling little columns stood out in glorious distinctness and beauty. But a while before sunset, with the slanting rays of softer, golden light resting upon it, it is so airy, so delicate, and full of life, that it is Oriental in splendor. The mosaics gleam with soft, rich effect; the sunken bits of gold flash like gems; the statues and sculpturings are soft with beams of yellow, while through the quatre-foils that border the sky-line appears the deep-blue of the beyond, as soft and vivid as if some precious bits of lapis-lazuli filled each one.

But disappointment awaits him who feels that this sumptuous pile must enshrine a glorious interior, for it is bare, cold, and sombre, and is *washed* a yellowish-brown. Its dimensions are grand; the high vault of the dome is impressive; the marble screen that encloses the choir is fine; but it is such a contrast to the warm, glowing exterior, that instinctively one wants to get out into the sunlight again. It has not even the poetic "dim, religious light," although there are narrow windows of old stained glass, that melt

and glow with richest tint and deepest hue. In this soft, glowing, Italian clime, with the mean but picturesque surroundings, and with this people so strangely full of activity and life, and of indolence and ease, this exquisite campanile and façade seem in perfect harmony. But place it in one of our red-brick or brown-stone lined streets or squares, and it would be discordant, and its pleasant rhythm and easy, graceful, poetic flow be lost.

St. Maria Novella is considered by connoisseurs the “finest in Florence,” and Michael Angelo called it “the Bride.” Could he see it to-day, with its mosaic façade begrimed, and its interior dingy and filthy, his epithet would hardly be so flattering. There is much an amateur or tourist must wade through, although of little interest to himself, which he knows the art or architectural student finds, like the legendary egg, full of meat. For instance, in this church is a famous work by Cimabue, which was carried originally to the church in procession, followed by an enthusiastic populace, of which Hawthorne says, he “thinks it would be no calamity if the populace would carry it into the square and as reverently *burn it!*” Connected with this church is a chapter house, with frescos, to which Ruskin devotes two entire “Mornings in Florence.” A half hour within it always chilled us through, — there is little enjoyment in obscure

art when one must stand upon one foot and then the other to keep warm.

Attached to the Church of San Lorenzo are the Medician Chapel and sacristy. The first is octagonal in form, and lighted from a dome. The interior is completely encrusted with richly polished marble of a chocolate hue. Columns, panels, cornices, and massive and stately tombs, all harmonizing in color and design with a wainscoting inlaid with superb Florentine mosaic coats-of-arms of various cities, — make an effect which for magnificence and richness surpasses anything in Florence. Only four million of dollars were expended upon it! Near it is the new sacristy built by Michael Angelo, as a mausoleum for the Medici tribe, a quadrangular room with a dome, but severely cold, bare, and plain in its finish. In it stand two tombs with statues of Lorenzo and Julius di Medici, which are worth more in an artistic sense than all the gorgeousness of the chapel. The statue of Lorenzo is a sublime creation, “with everlasting shadow on his face.” It is so still, so lost in thought and profound meditation, that one instinctively moves silently before it. Upon these tombs are the wonderful unfinished reclining statues of Day and Night, and Evening and Dawn, often seen in illustrations.

Santa Croce is the Westminster Abbey, the Walhalla, of Florence. Its interior is impos-

ing and impressive, more because of its great size and its massive columns than anything else, for it is *washed* in shades of brown, and has a cheap-looking, barn-like timbered roof. Around the side walls are monuments commemorating names that could not die. Near the grave of Michael Angelo rises a massive tomb with statues. Farther on is a huge cenotaph to Dante, who sleeps at Ravenna. Alfieri, Galileo, and Machiavelli are also remembered. Bronze tablets record the grateful memory of the Italians of the services of Victor Emmanuel and Giuseppe Garibaldi. In numerous small chapels are glowing old windows, and walls covered with the wonderful frescos of Giotto.

Adjoining the Church of San Marco is the suppressed monastery of the same name, a sanctuary in truth of devotion and art, which, with its frescos and paintings by gentle Fra Angelico, the works of Fra Bartolomeo and Ghirlandajo, and its associations with godly Savonarola, is one of the most fascinating and interesting places in Florence. Suppressed by the present government, it has been opened as a museum. Upon the walls of tiny cells are the dainty frescos of Fra Angelico. One can easily believe he knelt always in prayer before commencing work. He seems the only one of the Old Masters who really succeeded in so etherealizing and spiritualizing the human face that it became angelic and not of this world.

A strange feeling of awe and reality creeps over one as he stands in the little suite of two rooms, or cells, in which Savonarola prayed and labored, and from his vigils there passed into the adjoining church and preached with such mighty power. His chair, rosary, volume of sermons, hair-shirt, and crucifix all lie there. He labored to make the people and the government pure in heart, and his monastery a sanctuary of art entirely consecrated to the glory of the Christian religion. What a wonderful story his life is! Alas! elsewhere we trace the fearful ending! In the Palazzo Vecchio we stood in the little upper room in which he partook for the last time of the Sacrament, and from whence he passed into the square below, and with two others was publicly degraded, unclothed, hung, and then burned, upon the very spot where the people under the influence of his preaching had burned their cards, ball-dresses, trinkets, questionable statues, and pictures. Calm, composed, and lost in contemplation of his Saviour, his last sublime words being, "The Lord has suffered as much for me," he met his doom, and made even the public square forever a sanctuary.

Many another sacred place makes the old city full and overflowing with tender and precious memories, and art treasures, to which you may come and go at your own sweet will.

The levelling of the city walls and the grading of the new Viale, or boulevard, has destroyed the pensive charm and rural grace of the old Protestant cemetery, — a sanctuary for many an American. Now it stands on a knoll, surrounded by and elevated above the city streets. A sarcophagus of white marble, inlaid with mosaics (that already are chipping off), and supported by six dwarf columns, marks the sleeping-place of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Her husband lies beneath the cold, gray pavement of far-away Westminster Abbey, where no perfume of southern flower or warmth of Italian sunshine ever penetrates. Theodore Parker — the brave and fearless — was laid here at the age of fifty. Near by, a tasteless white slab marks the grave of Walter Savage Landor; and a plain slab tells of the “farewell tribute of wife and sister” to Arthur Hugh Clough. Many Americans, English, and Dutch lie entombed upon the sunny knoll. But the roses were in bloom, the shrubbery was rich and green, the breeze blew softly through the tall cypresses, and the sunlight fell upon many a triumphant strain of Scripture, which the English so delight to inscribe above their dead, and this humble place seemed more sacred than the historic sanctuaries scattered throughout this ancient city.

## SOME SIGHTS IN ROME NOT MENTIONED IN BAEDAEKER.

ANY one revisiting the Eternal City after a lapse of years, will be impressed with the fact that the world does move, and that the trend is — perhaps slowly, but surely — upward and onward. The old Rome, so dear to the heart of the “globe-trotter” and to the eye of the artist, with its delicious and perfect harmony of age and antiquity, has disappeared. The grand old palaces, the sublime ruins of the mighty monuments, grimy and dingy with the dust and accretions of centuries, still stand a silent testimony of “a tale that is told;” but they no longer dominate or give tone to the historic city beside the yellow Tiber. The lethargic sleep is broken. There “is something in the air;” all is discord! The new jostles against the old, and threatens to overwhelm it. New streets, broad and handsome, let light and health into the stifled but picturesque quarters. Marble embankments and a stately drive ere long will line the Tiber, to make room for which many a picturesque but fever-breeding pile has been demolished. And

why this change, this awakening from contented sleep, this destruction of one of the landmarks of the romantic and picturesque? Because Rome is no longer the seat of the "temporal power," but the capital of free and united Italy. A king, broad and generous in sentiment, sits in the old papal palace of the Quirinal, and seeks patiently, tolerantly, and justly to develop both land and people.

Meanwhile, where the great, irregular, homely mass of the Vatican with its thousands of rooms surges, like a huge tidal wave, against the superb pile of St. Peter's, the aged Pontiff lives in ill-chosen and mistaken seclusion. Since it has become the capital, Rome has doubled its population, and has seen its habitations, large and costly, rise by the thousand. There is an air of lusty, busy, healthful life, which has hardly yet settled into a steady and personal expression.

But the changes "all along the line" are not confined to things temporal. The Rome, thirty years ago, which allowed only Americans to worship under their flag at the embassy, and the English outside of the walls, now shows two English, one Scottish, and one American churches, for the foreign residents; a Waldensian, a Christian Apostolic, a Baptist, an Evangelical Free, an Italian Methodist, and a Mission Methodist

(cared for by the English Wesleyans), for the evangelization of the people. Facing the roadway across the well-known bridge of St. Angelo, and in plain sight of St. Peter's, is a French apartment-house (in appearance), purchased and held by Scotch and American trustees, for the work so successfully inaugurated and carried on by the late Father Gavazzi, and now known as the Evangelical Church of Italy. Under one roof are primary and elementary schools for children, a theological school, library, and dormitories for students, and a church. A little, irregular upper-room contains the modest library, the portrait, bust, and other mementos of this great pioneer; while over a door, in a roll, hang his robes as a priest, and his red shirt and uniform as a Garibaldian soldier. The Evangelical (or as it used to be called the Free) Church of Italy appeals to our country yearly through Dr. Howard Crosby and the Rev. Mr. Angelini, now in America. It is doing a glorious work throughout Italy; and no one with the advancement of the Master's kingdom at heart could, if cognizant of its beneficent achievements, withhold his gift. God's work will be carried on; but the question is, can Christians afford to lose the privilege of co-working with Him?

Another wonderful work is that commenced and carried on among the soldiers by Luigi

Capellini, called the Evangelical Military Church, but now in fellowship with and protected by the English Methodists. Capellini was a soldier. One day at Perugia, as he walked the street, he saw some bits of paper carried along by the wind. He picked them up, read them with interest, meditated upon their words, and, as he expresses it, "My soul seemed all at once to throw off its fetters and become filled with an unusual joy." God's word had not returned unto Him void. The few leaves of a Testament drifting along the streets of an obscure Italian town had wrought a miracle not likely to be emblazoned by art, but already reflected in the changed lives of hundreds of soldiers. He went to work at once, and when his military service was ended, gave himself up entirely to efforts for the evangelization of the soldiers. His own means failing, Mr. Waite, of the American Union Church here, collected sufficient to carry it on for a year. Then, through Rev. Gerry Vernon, it was supported by the Methodist Church in America, until it came under the patronage or care of the English Methodist Church here. Persecution opened its battery. Some bigoted officers called a council to consider measures for preventing evangelical meetings, etc., among the men; but Umberto (then Prince) said, "No! See that no political plotting goes on under the garb of religion; but

do not hinder the men from fulfilling the duties of their religion." And Umberto — now king, "the noblest Roman of them all," — has since, because of the improved "morale" of his army, made this servant of Christ "cavalier," the equivalent of knight.

In Rome the services are held in a hired room. At three other points in the country "stations" are also in full operation. As the regiments are moved constantly, anything like a church organization is quite impracticable; but they are enrolled, and three times a year the sacrament of the Lord's supper is celebrated. It was a privilege at Christmas time, to be present at the English Methodist Church, where, for convenience, this simple and touching service was held. Entering the brilliantly-lighted little church by a side door, we looked upon an audience of perhaps two hundred young men, stalwart in form and manly in bearing, the dark blue of their uniforms relieved here and there by a dash of scarlet and of gold. It was thrilling to hear them already singing (as this people do everything), with their whole heart, an Italian version of "Hold the Fort." It was stirring and martial, and in perfect keeping. Unfamiliarity with the language shut us, in one sense, out; but something in our hearts answered to the fervent, earnest tone of the prayer, and the ringing, stir-

ring notes of the address, and the manly response, "Credo," to each article of belief. Upon a small table before the pulpit was a tankard, two chalices, and a plate, presented on Christmas Day, 1873, — "From soldiers of England to the Evangelical soldiers of Italy." Rev. Mr. Pig-gott, of the Methodist Church, read the service and made an address, and, with Mr. Capellini, passed the elements. The manly heads were bowed in meditation, and a tender stillness brooded like the Spirit over them. It was impossible to look with undimmed vision upon these soldiers of the Cross, who, as they will by duty be called here and there throughout the Kingdom, will carry and spread broadcast the story of redeeming love; or to repress an earnest prayer that they may be enabled "to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." With a glad, triumphant rendering of our familiar tune and hymn, "I am Coming, Lord, to Thee," the service closed. It seemed as if the "Gloria in excelsis Deo" was ringing in the air, although unspoken. As each new communicant passed out a Bible was presented to him. It was a company of Roman soldiers,—not, as of old, come to bear Him away to judgment-hall, and consequent humiliation and death; but to remember His dying command, and then go out to bear Him in their hearts and before their

comrades, to testify of His saving grace, and so verify His own words, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." God grant that this may be the little leaven that will leaven the whole lump; until, from humble private to kingly commander, shall come the refrain, "By Thy grace, I will!"

## RIBS OF AN OLD HULK.

AFTER all, European travel, like everything else, yields in enjoyment and profit in proportion to the appreciation and preparation the individual brings to bear upon it. A party of three, some years ago, came suddenly and unexpectedly in full view of the towers and transept of Westminster Abbey. Two stood breathless and entranced before the realization of the dreams of a lifetime, thrilled with the historic and antique expression of the smoke-begrimed and venerable old pile. The stillness was broken by the third, exclaiming as he looked, not at the Abbey, but at the passing crowd, "What a hoss!" He had found his level, and it was only so many hands high. The story of the Abbey told by these parties must have differed widely. Yet the Abbey was the same,—grand, sublime, and impressive. It was a question of capacity only. No use in expecting one with capacity for a pint only to accommodate a quart!

An artist sojourning in Rome remarked, "The Forum does not inspire or move me."

This was well enough, for it concerned only himself; but when he added, "And I do not believe it inspires or moves *any one*," he put his miserable little pint-measure as the standard against the quart of many others, and the grand old place itself. For the Forum, with its picturesqueness, its romance, its historic association, and its air of desolation and melancholy, does move and inspire. With its long line of shattered columns and statues, rich and varied in color and design, lying in the golden sunlight, it meets every requirement of the picturesque; with its remains of the temple of Vesta, and the quaint story of the vestal virgins, etc., it is not lacking in the nature of the romantic; with the distinct outline of public buildings identified with the golden age of the old city, it is brimful with the historic; while in the stately columns and pediments of classic temples, and the great heavy masses of sombre arches, stained, discolored, and shattered by time, it is permeated with the spirit of poetry, sentiment, and song.

It is only a wide, ditch-like excavation, in the heart of the historic city, some four hundred and fifty by fourteen or fifteen hundred feet. One stands in the modern street and looks down some twenty-five feet into the yawning space, and sees the great blocks of the ancient city pavements, the foundation of temples and bases of the

columns of the old Basilica, all so well defined, so surrounded by broken fragments of frieze, cornice, capital, and column, that it is easy to picture its original chaste and classic grandeur. Still standing, beautiful and pathetic, are columns supporting pediments, and the one great triumphal arch of Septimus Severus; near by the single "column with a buried base," as called by Byron; farther on three stately, time-tinted columns, supporting the right angle of a cornice the remnant of the temple of Vespasian; eight unfluted columns in a row, called the temple of Saturn; and three beautiful columns known as the temple of Castor. The foundations and marble floors of many buildings and temples well-nigh cover the space. There the marbles lie, like the scattered ribs of an old stranded hulk, tossed to and fro by tempests and storms along the shore. There the historian and the archæologist may revel in the story of the past; and the every-day tourist may loiter, and picture the day when Rome was at her zenith. Overlooking it are the mighty ruins of the old palaces upon the Palatine hill. Across one end is the great, homely pile of the capitol, from which an exquisite view is obtained, framed in by the open-work of an arched doorway. Along the Via Sacra one may walk a little way from it and pass through and under the grand old triumphal

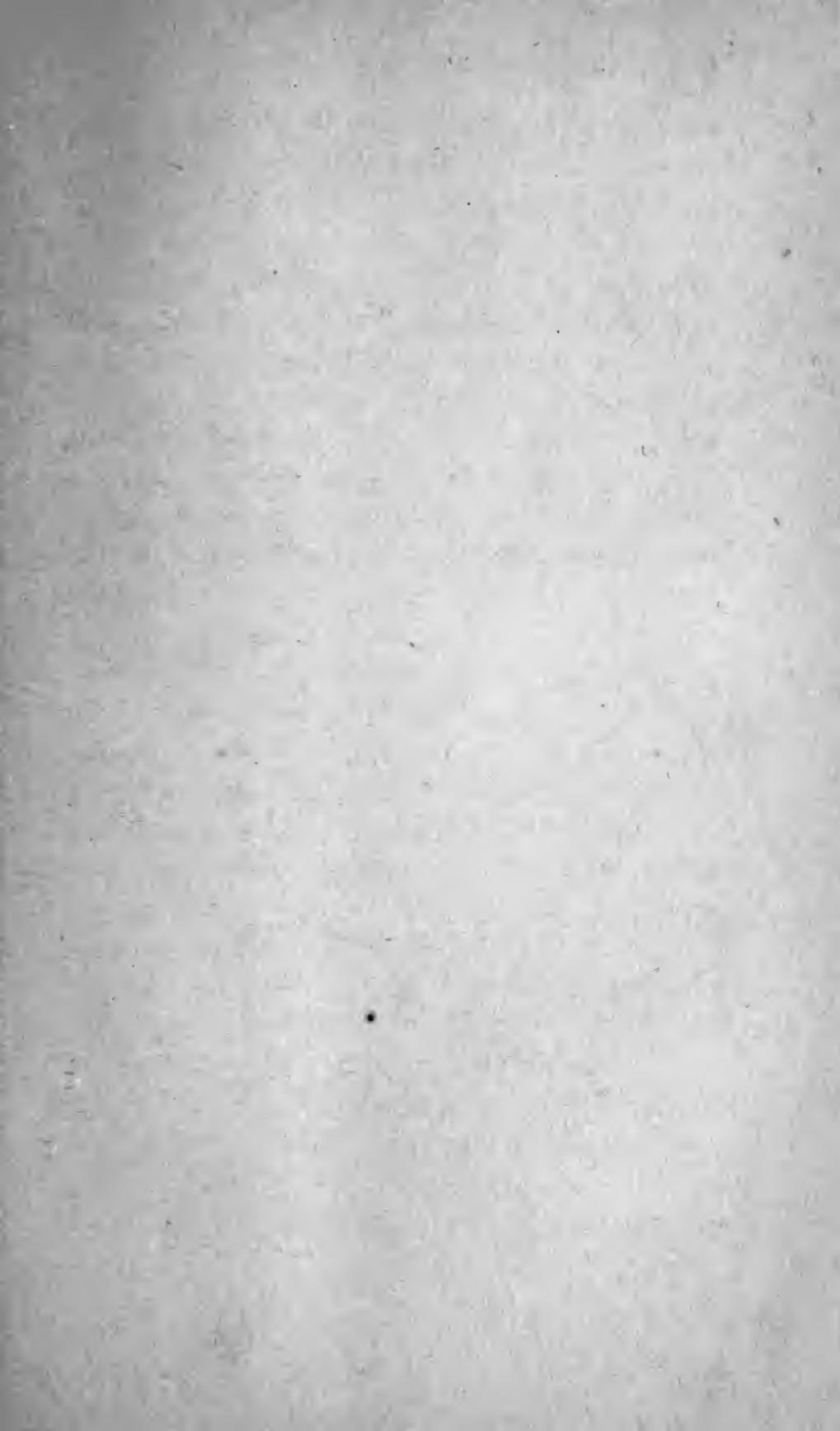
arch of Titus, with its interior bass-reliefs of the procession bearing the seven-branched candle-stick from the Temple at Jerusalem. In plain sight, a little farther on, is the grandest and most sublime ruin of ancient Rome,—the well-known Coliseum. So familiar is every one with this old ruin, that it never surprises or disappoints, although its vast extent and colossal proportions well-nigh overwhelm. That such an immense structure should have been required “to make a Roman holiday” now seems incredible.

One may indulge in historic reminiscence, poetical revery, or artistic imagery within its walls; for there is an abundance of material for each and all. In former years, the interior was mantled with ivy, and branches of dwarf shrubs waved to and fro, and yellow-tasselled wild-flowers swayed in every breeze. But now the walls, in the interest of preservation, are bare and desolate. Doubtless they have gained in safety, but they have lost immensely in pictur-esque ness and poetic expression.

Nothing in the grand old city will compare in beauty or grandeur with the curving outside walls of the Coliseum, with their rows of arches rising in tiers one above another. When the slanting rays of the afternoon sun fall upon them, their rich, tawny hue takes the tint of burnished and reddened gold, and is indescrib-

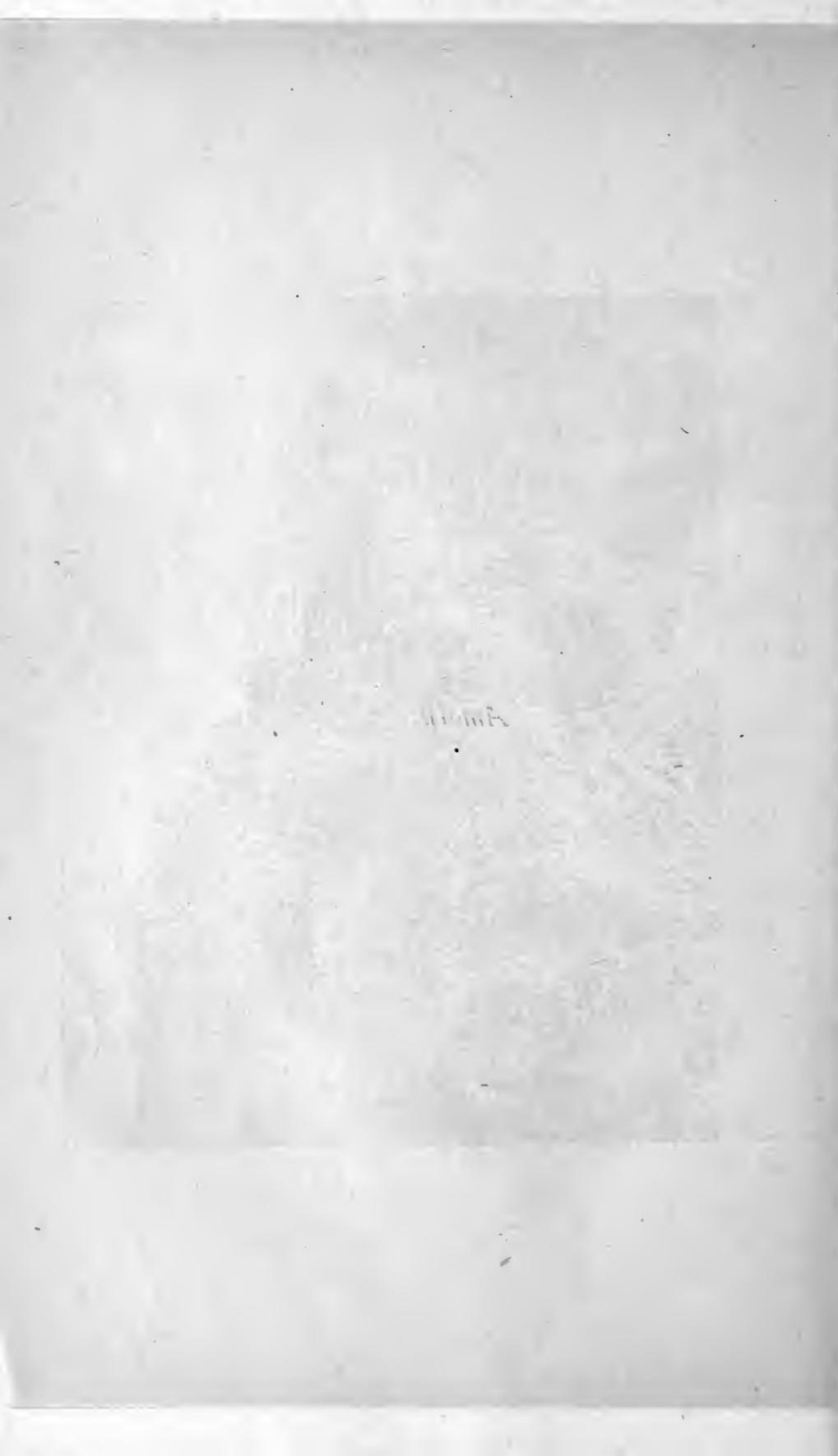
ably beautiful. The full moon, however, reveals the most glorious effects; for then the old hulk and the ribs, scattered all along the melancholy way to the capitol, are invested with a new charm. With beneficent power the silvery light softens the rough wounds of time and decay, and the gleam of white marble, in columns, shattered capitals, and pediments, contrasts gently with ebon shadows. In the Coliseum is a stillness that may be felt, a rich, varied effect of light and shadow; and flitting forms of tourists alone break the profound repose. It is solemn and impressive, at the same time fascinating and delightful.

So, as an old hulk may lie embedded upon the shore of the sea, while its ribs and timbers are tossed and scattered along the beach, a sad and melancholy picture of what once has been; and the ships of to-day, full of prosperity and life, go sailing gayly by these old picturesque and wonderful ruins,—so the hulk and ribs of proud and ancient Rome lie to-day with a new life surging about them, a new and glorious city crowding them, and a new nationality in United Italy, far surpassing in its work for humanity the golden era they recall.





*Amalfi.*



## A FAGOT OF ITALIAN STICKS.

### L'OUVERTURE.

ALONG the highways of southern Italy are often met groups of merry, laughing women, carrying upon their backs immense fagots, or bundles of sticks, brush, and stubble. With their rich, olive-brown complexions; hair tangled over forehead and eyes; erect figures and firm step, and their motley costumes (many of "rags and tags," as if "the beggars have come to town"),—skirts caught up in a style much in vogue in the fashionable world a few years ago; grotesque, laced bodices, with here and there a bit of bright color,—they certainly add a most picturesque feature to the scene.

So, as one loiters in the shady nooks, or saunters along the varied shores of the Gulf of Salerno, unconsciously is gathered a great-fagot of memories,—a few sticks, a little brush, and perchance much stubble.

\* \* \* \* \*

A large majority of the tourists who visit Naples content themselves with "doing" Vesuvius, Pompeii, Sorrento, and the Blue Grotto.

And yet, within thirty miles by rail, lies a drive which in beauty, picturesqueness, and grandeur surpasses even the famous Corniche road along the Riviera di Ponente. The north coast of the Gulf of Salerno is a rapid and startling succession of wild, rugged headlands, jutting boldly into the sea, alternating with numberless deep, romantic coves of great variety and beauty. The mountains do not "fool around" and take two or three miles inland to reach their lofty standard; they do not even "stand upon the order of their going, but go at once," — often springing precipitously and perpendicularly from the sea, and always rising very steeply and to great heights. Often they seem like great, detached, rollicking, tumultuous masses of waves or clouds, tossed wildly and picturesquely high in air, and then suddenly arrested, — crystallized into enduring adamant, to be a joy and a surprise to the scenery-lover forever. Sometimes the mighty rocks, as if riven by some terrific convulsion of Nature, stand sheer and grim; again, they seem to pulsate in graceful wave-forms; and, anon, rise in great, boulder-like masses, which look in the distance like strong watch-towers on the ruins of extensive fortifications. And the little, deeply-recessed coves — with their romantic shadows and lines of tender grace, their pebbly shores, with the waves of the tideless sea lapping quietly

upon their sands — are full of bewitching grace and fascinating beauty. Every foot that man controls to-day along this rugged, craggy coast, numberless headlands and continuous indentations, has been wrenched and filched, by fierce efforts, patient labor, and tremendous exertion. The shore is so bold and wall-like in some places that even by the water it has the appearance of continuous fortifications or ramparts; and frequently, upon some prominent point, or low-lying rock down by the sea, is seen a quaint, square, machicolated tower of stone, grim, defiant, and massive, — a succession of which was built about a mile or less apart, by Charles V., as a protection against the raids of pirates.

Along this irregular, bold, and ragged coastline of inhospitable mountains has been constructed, at immense outlay of labor and expenditure, a superb "High road," some twelve miles in length. Eventually this road will round the peninsula, and form a continuous route to Sorrento; but at the rate of present progress, two or three more decades will pass ere it is accomplished. Sometimes hewn like a terrace or shelf from the side of the precipitous cliffs; often carried across ravines or chasms, upon viaducts of masonry anywhere from one hundred to five hundred feet above the sea; hanging in places perilously over the waters below, and fre-

quently bending in some cove to the water's edge,—it affords, as one drives along over its smooth surface, a succession of breathlessly beautiful and charming landscape views and effects. Little villages and hamlets hug the bare, cold breasts of the mountains. Perseverance and patience have wrested, by means of countless terraces, space for extensive lemon-plantations and orange-groves. Because of these really fine and handsome terraces, rising often in thirty to fifty tiers, faced with smooth, compact walls, the mountain-sides often look as if guarded and covered with elaborate and expensive fortifications, like "Ehrenbreitstein," upon the Rhine. The lemon is not grown here like the orange. A flat trellis or arbor covers the whole terrace, and upon this are trained the long, slender branches, so that beneath it is like a vine-covered roof, hung with countless pendants of luscious, yellow fruit. As one drives along the road, and looks upward, the under side of the trellises are frequently visible,—a beautiful sight, because of the deep-green glossy foliage, flecked as with myriads of golden balls. The orange-trees, on the contrary, stand out alone, like our apples, and are always a study of lovely color and strong contrast.

As one passes along this exquisite drive, the mountains close in upon him in a bewildering

variety of fantastic forms and shapes; but always, as far as sight can penetrate, stretch the gleaming waters of the blue Mediterranean. Frequently, in apparently inaccessible points, stand out the gray walls of ruined monasteries, — regular mountain eyries. To the east and south-eastward lie slumbering in the sunlight the Calabrian hills or mountains, at times covered with snow, and rich in opaline tints and prismatic effects. It is a combination of the Rhine, with its ruined and picturesque castles; the Riviera, with its deeply indented coast and bold headlands ; and Switzerland, with its snow-clad mountain-range, tinged with color, and flashing with light. But it is far more picturesque and fine than the Riviera. It is the Riviera compressed, the Rhine “long drawn out,” — and a vision of changing scene and dissolving view, to linger perpetually in the memory, as a harmony of sweet sounds seems to tremble in the air long after it is spent.

Midway between Vietri and Amalfi, upon the Salerno coast, close by the low-lying and sandy shore of a wide, sunny bay, just where the beautiful, narrow valley of Tramonti opens toward the sea, lies the little town of Majori. A half to three quarters of a mile beyond, in a deep, narrow, shadowy indentation of the coast, is that of Minori. (Majori and Minori, the major and

the minor, or the elder and the younger, as you may please.) Inhospitable as the coast appears, it teems with a busy population. The terraces, with immense numbers of lemon and fruit plantations, demonstrate the industry of the people, while the little towns are busy with macaroni-factories and paper-mills.

Majori is a pretty village, with one wide, smoothly-paved street, and, like the surf tossed up against the steep hillsides, most picturesque piles of irregular houses clustered around a cathedral with dome of gay tiles. Great squares of sacking lie in the wide street, upon which, in various stages of drying, are wheat and preparations of macaroni pastes. Many plain "fisher folk" may be seen busy with their nets or vessels by the sea, while some very creditable boat-building is done along its shore.

We had a droll experience in one of the shops close to a little "Café Americano!" Wishing some cotton batting to wrap around a lame limb, we asked, with some misgivings, if they had it. "Oui!" replied the little man; and, turning, lifted down a box, and opening it, displayed, with perfect complacency, a dozen balls of crochet cotton in various colors! Explaining that that which we wanted was white and long, he answered quickly "Oui! Oui!" and went out, coming back, in blissful confidence, with

two long skeins of white darning-cotton. Then we thought to try the universal sign-language. Taking a piece of paper we laid it upon the counter, rolling it up; and then unrolling it, I wound it around my knee. The puzzled face lightened. Evidently the little merchant had "caught on"! "Oui! Oui! Oui!" he exclaimed, and disappeared beneath the counter. Rising a moment later with face radiant with success, he held in his outstretched hand—a pair of scarlet cotton garters with silver clasps! We left, feeling it was as near the "Order of the Garter" as we would be likely to come, and recalling that in London they did not know what we meant by cotton batting, because they call it "cotton wool."

Half way between Majori and Minori, upon the extreme end of a rocky headland, is perched, high above the waters, trembling like a raindrop in mid-air, the "Hotel Torre,"—our headquarters for three sunny weeks,—with nothing between it and the sea, a hundred feet below, save the high road, which clings like a battlement to the front of the cliff, half way to the gulf beneath. In the olden, prosperous days it was the "Manor House" of the Monte Rosa family, who held slaves, and controlled an immense tract of land. By marriage it passed into the possession of the Mezzo Capo family, the later branches of which are not identified

with this part of Italy. So, although remodelled into a French château, and a most conspicuous feature in the landscape, it has fallen to the base uses of a hotel. But with its huge round corner towers; its marble porch and balconies, and its lovely terrace, lifted as it were in the air, like a hanging-garden; and its magnificent outlook along the rugged coast, and its superb sweep over the blue sea, — it is charming, although not very comfortable. Upon the little, sunlit terrace large evergreens cast cool shadows; graceful palms wave to and fro; blossoming shrubs and pretty flower-borders, and long, trailing rose-vines and ivy give a summery aspect. One may sit there by the hour in the genial sunshine, with a stillness most profound, and gaze dreamily over the gleaming waters, and realize to the full the restfulness of the old woman's ideal of heaven, — “a doing of nothing, forever and ever.”

The morning after our arrival we heard music; and, looking down from our balcony, saw a picturesque and characteristic sight. Before the marble entrance-staircase upon the terrace were a man and woman, most gayly and picturesquely costumed, reciting verses, singing, and dancing to the music of a large organ. They were only a group of strolling players; but as we looked down and saw these gay, laughing figures, danc-

ing in the sunlight among the evergreens and the palms, we were reminded of "Pascarel" and "Brunotta," Ouida's wonderful creations, and the "Sunny Italy" of poetry and song.

There is nothing here to do but to walk or drive. Our walks have been confined to the high road; for to climb these rugged and tempting hillsides is "too much like work." Yet we rarely go out without encountering something droll or characteristic. This portion of Italy may well be called the "land of the outstretched hand;" for go where we will, "old men and maidens, young men and children," as soon as they lay eyes upon us, stretch out their hands for "centissimi." Life here certainly looks hard. I never saw such burdens carried upon the backs, nor such trunks of heavy merchandise dragged by women before. Yet they all seem happy. It seems to me our "lower classes" have the semblance of a home; but here they only grovel, and one's heart grows heavy at the hard, soulless sort of life that just goes on and on like a treadmill, with no hope or chance of development or elevation. But with taxes at sixty-seven per cent, and a standing army of four hundred thousand able-bodied men, the prospect is not enlivening. Could these but beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, and "tickle the soil,"

fair Italy might again become a land flowing with riches and gladness.

Italian nomenclature, like our Indian, is full of poetry and music. Majori lies at the opening of a narrow, tortuous little valley, in which the views and lights are unusually fine at close of day, and so they call it "Val di Tramonti," — the "Valley of the Setting Sun." Being told it was a beautiful drive, we had one sunny afternoon a landau, three horses, monogram, coachman, and a boy perched up behind, "*à la tiger*," and were gone three and a half hours. As we struck inland, for a while we feared we had made a mistake, for it was so like everything else. Somehow, tourists get demoralized and must have novelty all the time, or they feel a little defrauded. But it was not long before we blessed "the ass that carried us," although we wondered frequently if "the horse would throw us" before the day was done. The narrow valley ere long opened into a wide expanse; the great mountains rose in beautiful and distant outline; and in many a wild depression in the hillsides appeared villages, hamlets, old monasteries, and ancient churches. The thrift and industry of the people here are wonderful; for in places that seem only fit to touch a match to, will be seen terrace after terrace, made with smooth, handsome walls, with infinite patience and herculean effort, that are

bright with orange, olive, or grape culture, and great variety of garden truck.

As we ascended by the road, which repeatedly doubles upon itself, we caught many a lovely vision, and looked down in the depths of the valley upon numerous paper-mills, with the water carried in little flumes, which at that distance gleamed like silver threads, thrown by a shuttle across some fabric of variegated greens and browns. Far away, against the lofty horizon, in a break or pass in the mountain-summit, was visible always a huge, lonely stone tower, the point to which we were bound. We would seem comparatively near; we would round some spur or projection and lose all sight of it, and when it came in view again, lo! it seemed miles and miles away. The great mountains toward whose summits we were nearing were powdered lightly with snow. It seemed lone and drear, and yet on every side were vineyards and well-tilled fields. The husbandman turning the soil; the vine-dressers trimming the trellised vines; the wood-cutters stopping in their work and staring at us; and the women, with great fagots upon their backs, trudging down the hill-road, constantly suggested the homely peasant-life Millet has so effectively dignified and beautifully canvased. Had "L'Angelus" sounded from the distant tower, and these peasants paused in their

homely work, and bowed reverently in prayer, it would have seemed in perfect harmony with the quiet scene,—the blue, smoky air and the great, restful hill-country, which lay embosomed within a swelling amphitheatre of snow-capped, lofty mountains.

The fine road is now only finished to the summit of the pass. There stand the remains, gray and grim, of the fortress built to defend it in the days when “the chief end of man” seems to have been to kill somebody or destroy something! These consist of two old structures and a mighty, symmetrical round tower. We stepped out and walked a few hundred feet, expecting to look only along a narrow mountain-defile, with Vesuvius, an insignificant mound, in the distance. Never were we more surprised; for there broke upon us, in an instant, a vision which in our memory will rank second to no view, save that of the glorious Jungfrau, at Interlachen. The mountain seemed to drop suddenly away; the ranges parted like a huge gateway; and down, down, before us, lay a long, sweeping, level plain of tenderest, most delicate, and springlike green, dotted with white villages (Pompeii, and others), checkered with country roads, while far away, against the sky, rose the great, beautiful cone of Vesuvius, with the attending ragged Somma heights. The great cloud of smoke from

the crater (like incense of perpetual sacrifice upon a mighty altar), depressed by the wind, lay along one side of the cone-like mountain, like a soft and wondrous plume. The sunlight lay warm upon it; the hazy air added to the dreamy and phantom-like effect. It looked so calm and peaceful upon the sunlit plain, and the old mountain seemed so harmless, that it was difficult to realize that, as one day mightier villages than these were suddenly obliterated and buried out of sight, so some day a terrible mass of "scoriæ," steam, and lava may again devastate and sweep all sign of the present busy, teeming life from the face of the earth. It was, nevertheless, a very pretty and striking picture, as seen from that Pisgah height.

As we drove down the valley upon our return, the outlook seemed entirely changed, because we were looking down, and not upward. Many a pretty vista opened before us, and always in the distance was a triangular piece of blue, — the Mediterranean, seen through the mountains that guard the opening of the valley; and all along the way were myriads of pink-lipped daisies, pale crocuses, and great masses of lilac and wild rosemary, making the green banks quite garden-like. So ended our visit to the pass and tower of Chiunzo, twenty-two hundred and fifty feet above the sea.

. . . . .

Along this rugged shore everything seems a part of a romance and a story. Way up, upon an apparently inaccessible mountain-height, we see the picturesque and extensive ruined walls of an old monastery, from which two popes have been chosen.

Upon the bay side of the precipitous mountain-spur upon which our hotel stands is a lofty and dry cavern, with masonry piers and arches, and in its depths is seen the sculptured prow of an old vessel. And "thereby hangs a tale." A hundred years or more ago the head of the House brought a fair bride from Venice in this very vessel, and all these long years it has been unused, but cared for because of its loving service. "Men may come and men may go," but the good little barque lies there forever.

Day after day we hoped to be able to visit Paestum; but knowing that the keen north wind, from which the mountains protected us, swept that desolate plain without obstruction, we waited until it seemed as if we "would die without the sight." But "patient waiting" proved no loss, for February 21 was almost windless, the sea was calm, the sky clear, and the day seemed made for just such an outing. At 7.20 we were off. Oh, the beauty, solemn, still, and glorious, of that early morning beside the boundless southern sea! We drove merrily along the wonderful

road, by which, quite three weeks ago, we came. The coast seemed more irregular, the headlands more prominent, the coves and indentations more deep, the mighty mountains more fantastic in shapes, and the road itself more startling than ever,—now swinging low, now bounding as in mid-air; clinging to the face of steep acclivities, or to the base of fearful precipices; curling, serpent-like, along indentations and over rocky projections; and always with some wondrous view of monumental cliffs and peaks, or bold mountain-side and magnificent peerless sweep over blue, tideless waters, toward the Calabrian range, glistening in the morning sun.

Such variety of form and color; such combinations of picturesque villages, ruined piles, strange fantastic tossings of lofty mountains; near effects of exquisite beauty, because of the deep green and glorious golden sheen of orange and lemon plantations, and blue, gleaming waters; and distant glories of mountain peaks, lying like clouds against a horizon of tenderest hue, rarely comes twice, even in an European tour. . The great mountains, along the sides of which we were bowling so joyfully, shut out the rising sun, but not the glorious lighting up of the skies,—the magnificent melting and blending of amber and golden gloss and the weird and magic effect of the unfolding day upon prominent and distant

points. We could "only wonder and adore;" for between the rapidly changing outlook, because of varying position, we were kept in a thrill and ecstasy of delight. Finally the sun bounded clear of mountain and hill, commenced its unclouded way, and flooded the scene with delicious warmth and exuberant gladness.

Salerno, the terminus of our drive, lies by the sea about eight miles from our hotel. It is a place of much business importance, with some twenty thousand inhabitants, and a wonderful ancient history of the ninth and twelfth centuries. It has now a residency of great wealth, and in summer is a favorite resort of Italian aristocracy. Traces of its former greatness may be seen in the façades upon the narrow streets of the old town. The modern town is well built up, but it all has the strange, mixed look of filth, slatternliness, and imposing structure, that seem inseparable from all Italian towns. Near the sea are beautiful gardens, and a theatre, that looks as if it could accommodate all the population likely to scrape together the entrance-fee.

At Battapaglia we took a branch road for thirteen miles, to Paestum. At 11.30 we alighted, passed through a station with gardens of blooming rosemary and purple stock, walked for five minutes across a level plain, hidden from all view by a high, solid stone-wall. We turned

the corner, or end, and our hearts stood still! for there upon the wind-swept, sun-scorched, desolate plain, rose in solitary, solemn, and impressive simplicity and grandeur the ancient ruined temples, which for long years we had so wished to see. A few minutes more brought us to the gateway, where the customary "franc" is demanded. Above the window is this notice: "It is forbidden to enter in antiquities diggings before sunrise and to remain there after sunset," — which is a good example of "English as she is spoke" in this country!

Baedeker says that under the name of the city of Neptune, a settlement was founded here by the Greeks six hundred years before Christ. After the usual experience of those days of war, conquest, and pillage, it fell into the hands of the Romans, who, in 273 before Christ, founded the colony of Paestum. It gradually fell into decay, and was devastated by the Saracens in the ninth century; and in the eleventh it was despoiled of its sculptures, etc., and for centuries lay in desolation. Nothing conspicuous now remains but the old city walls and watch-tower, two stately temples, and a so-called "Basilica;" but they are grand and impressive beyond description. The Basilica is of stone, of grayish, silvery tint, and consists of an oblong enclosure with sixteen columns at each side and

nine at each end, supporting a single cornice. The huge columns taper in a sort of curve, and have capitals of queer, mushroom effect. Central columns divide it into two apartments; and this is all. But a few hundred feet from it stands the temple of Neptune, which still displays most satisfactorily the simple majesty and the security of construction peculiar to the best age of Greek architecture. It is in such a state of preservation that imagination has to furnish but little. Columns, cornices, and pediment are all there, and although a "little nicked, almost as good as new." It is one hundred and eighty-nine feet long, has thirty-six fluted Doric columns at each side and six at each end, all seven and one half feet in diameter and twenty-eight feet in height. In the interior are two rows, of seven columns each, above which is a row of smaller ones, which originally supported the roof. The color of this temple is a tawny, yellowish brown, shaded to a mellow, dull gold. A quarter of a mile away, stands, upon a slight elevation, the small temple of Ceres, or Vesta, with columns, cornice, and pediment.

So much for history and architecture. Somehow we cared little for the past, still less for the measurements, and literally nothing for the use or object of them; but enjoyed to the full, pressed down and running over, the romantic, poetic,





*Temple of Neptune, Paestum.*

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE

WILSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FOR THE YEAR 1917

BY THE PRESIDENT

JOHN W. COOPER

OF THE WILSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

AT THE MEETING HELD IN THE

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and artistic atmosphere and expression of the scene. One is oppressed with the consciousness that all this, with its surroundings of busy, pagan prosperity, once pulsed with rich, powerful, and lusty life, and now lies dead, — passed away forever! And yet the Galilean story lives on! We walked around the two stately, impressive ruins; looked at the long, imposing row of massive columns, and the exquisite vistas formed by them, and caught the lovely effects of lights and shadows, and the wondrous beauty of the structures, as we gazed upward into the blue heavens; stood enchanted, as we saw, through the length of the Temple of Neptune, the little ribbon of green the sea (no longer blue) made against the sky. Massiveness, grandeur, sublimity, and strength is the expression of the simple lines of the entire structure, but beauty, delicacy, melancholy, and romance are suggested in the soft blending of brown and russet and gold and yellow, as in a lion's mane and skin, and in the tender, dreamy atmosphere of sadness, desolation, and ruin that rests upon it, and abides with it forever.

Time has thrown a pall of lovely blending, melting hues and tints over this symbol of a dead and unresurrected past. We loitered about it, and then walking a few hundred feet away saw it first from one angle and then another,

and, somehow, the last seemed always the best. And then we walked to an old watch-tower upon the ancient walls, five minutes away; and, standing there, we looked across the desolate plain of tender green with dark patches of asphodel and acanthus, and white gleams of daisies, and caught sight of the ponderous, gigantic, but softly beautiful old Temple of Neptune, diagonally, with column, cornice, and pediment, all in simple perfection. It was so still, so grand, so awe-inspiring! It was like looking at the face of kingly, royal dead. There was, withal, a "touch me not" repression about it. One felt it had stood there alone for ages, and that it asked nothing of this workaday, practical age. As a "symphony in browns" it was exquisitely lovely,—the outer columns in shadow a rich brown; their sun-touched bases a gleaming yellow; the inner columns in full blaze of sun glowing like heated metal; and through it all great slants of brilliant sunshine and broad masses of darkening shadow; and beyond, the rich green of the sea, and, in the distance, snow-tipped mountains, that seemed to melt in amethystine and opaline tints into the pale sky. It was a weird and beautiful scene, a dream of form and revelation of color,—earth, fair and beautiful; sea, calm and deep, chrysoprase in tint; and sky soft, dreamy, and melting; desolate plain and perfect Greek out-

line, and wind-waved asphodel and boss-like acanthus! And yet for symmetry, harmony, and perfect beauty no dream or poem or picture could be more complete.

We turned reluctantly away at 4 o'clock, took our carriage again at Salerno, and saw the pirate towers, clustered villages, distant island, and far-away mountains burnish and glow with the setting sun, as by fire, and later fade and die away in shadows deep. And when, e'er we reached Majori, the sun was hidden by the nearer western hills, the glorious light still made far-away Salerno by the silent sea sparkle like a jewel, and the Calabrian range of mountains, with their heads of snow, gleam like gates of pearl.

Along the summit-ridge of a lofty mountain to the westward, and almost directly above our hotel, is a long, straggling mass of ancient villas, churches, and monasteries, — all that remains of the once powerful principality of Ravello. How the mighty have fallen may be judged from the fact that in "the zenith of its prosperity it possessed thirteen churches, numerous palaces, and thirty-six thousand inhabitants," and now its population scarcely numbers two thousand souls. But the drive there is a lovely one, and the place is very interesting, because of fine specimens of Moorish architecture. We passed along the road overhanging the sea for a mile or two, and then,

by a road doubling repeatedly upon itself, struck inland, and climbed a spur of the mountain, with views of changing and exquisite loveliness at every turn, and emerged upon the beautiful valley of Atrani. A smooth and beautiful road, with protecting outer wall, led us on and on, sometimes for a long way as if propped on the hillside or hanging in mid-air, and then by zig-zags to greater heights, always with striking views, down into the ravine-like valley and across upon the opposite mountain-side, terraced and terraced, sometimes in fifty rows, and with the most wild, picturesque ruins of fortresses and castles upon the very summits of the rough and jagged crags. Often it was difficult to distinguish rock or crag from ruined towers and walls, so perfectly did they harmonize in outline and color. One side of the valley the immense lofty rocks, for hundreds of feet above us, seemed scooped out as by some mighty, rushing flood. All along were the wonderful, fortress-like terraces covered, not as below with lemon-groves, but by vigorous vineyards. Quite a celebrated white wine is produced here, not unlike the better brands of Rhine wine. After all, words give little idea of this deep, narrow valley with its fine roads, lonely monasteries, and ancient buildings huddled together in most picturesque fashion.

Finally we emerged in a small open plaza, before the old, eleventh-century cathedral, a building of no interest, but containing an "ambone" (a box-like pulpit from which the Gospels were read), which surpassed anything of the kind that we saw in the Eternal City. Box-like in shape, supported by columns resting upon the backs of lions of white marble, delicately sculptured in cornices and bands and panels, inlaid with the finest Byzantine mosaic of gold and brilliant pigments, it is worth a journey to see. In the forlorn old church of San Giovanni we found a pulpit of the same character, some portions of which were like the borders of an illuminated missal. Exquisite in execution, and sumptuous in detail, both in jewel-like mosaic and richly-wrought marble, it seems a pity they are hidden away in so obscure a place.

Close by are the grounds and mansion of a wealthy Scotchman. The house and tower and various remains are Saracenic in style, and are most picturesque and beautiful, and are surrounded by grounds in wide terraces, laid out with flower-borders, and abounding in palms, cypresses, and evergreens. The view is simply indescribable. One seems lifted or suspended in the air, — the mountain slopes steeply away, in the depths lies the sea, shimmering in golden

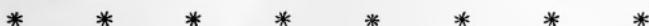
light, and far away are the mountains and the Calabrian Hills, lost in opaline mists.

"As the bird flies," Amalfi does not seem far away from our eyrie; but, owing to the irregularities and indentations of the coast, it is a drive of fully four miles. It is most exhilarating and exciting to dash along a road that one moment hugs the mountain, the next swoops like a bird down to the water's edge, then through little villages and around headlands and into deep coves, and at last suddenly to face the full panorama of the bay and town of Amalfi, warm and sunny in the sheltering embrace of everlasting hills,—a vision of peaceful and transcendent loveliness. High up, as upon a ledge, in the face of the opposite mountain, is seen the old Capuchin Monastery, now a hotel, some two hundred and thirty feet above the sea. Queer that a monastery built in 1212 should in 1891 be occupied as a hotel! The old cells are white and attractive, and the central hall is now a dining-room. Quaint and pretty cloisters open upon a terrace, opposite which a huge cave in the mountain-side is fitted up with the scene upon Calvary. From the opposite end, stretched upon a narrow ledge, is a long, embowered walk, with the cliff rising sheer upon one side, and dropping away as abruptly upon the other. Great clusters of glorious white and pink roses hung over the

trellis, and spring flowers in profusion bloomed upon either side of the walk. The view is unsurpassed for loveliness: down upon the sunny bay; out upon the sapphire sea; over the picturesque town of Amalfi; across to towering mountains crowned with solitary towers, and far away toward the hyacinthine range of Calabria. Time was when Amalfi with its wealth and fifty thousand inhabitants was a world-wide power. Longfellow has sung sweetly of the old Capuchin Monastery outlook, and Rogers has versed its glorious record in melodious rhyme.

“When at length they fell, they left mankind  
A legacy, compared with which the wealth  
Of eastern kings,—what is it in the scale?  
The mariners’ compass.”

The sea, centuries ago, undermined the town, and subsequent inundations and war and pillage have left only a busy, modern village of seven thousand inhabitants. But the fine old eleventh-century cathedral, a striking example of the Lombard-Norman style, still stands with façade of alternate layers of black and white, and a deep portico with marble screen-work. In the crypt lie the remains of Saint Andrew, the apostle who, leaving his nets, followed the Lord and was made a “fisher of men.”



## L'ENVOI!

Our three sunny weeks, ten days of which the north wind had made Naples and its suburbs, thirty miles away, unendurable, were ended. Our fagot of sticks along Salerno's shore was gathered. Decorated by the portly proprietor with *boutonnieres* of lovely flowers from the terrace, we were seated in a carriage, and all things were ready. Suddenly he who had been all smiles and good wishes seemed to realize it was no time for mirth. The light faded from his face; the eyes drooped mournfully, and with hand across his portly bosom, and head bowed as low as his rotund figure allowed, he stood a picture of grief, at which we could not help laughing, as we bowled merrily away toward "fresh fields and pastures new."

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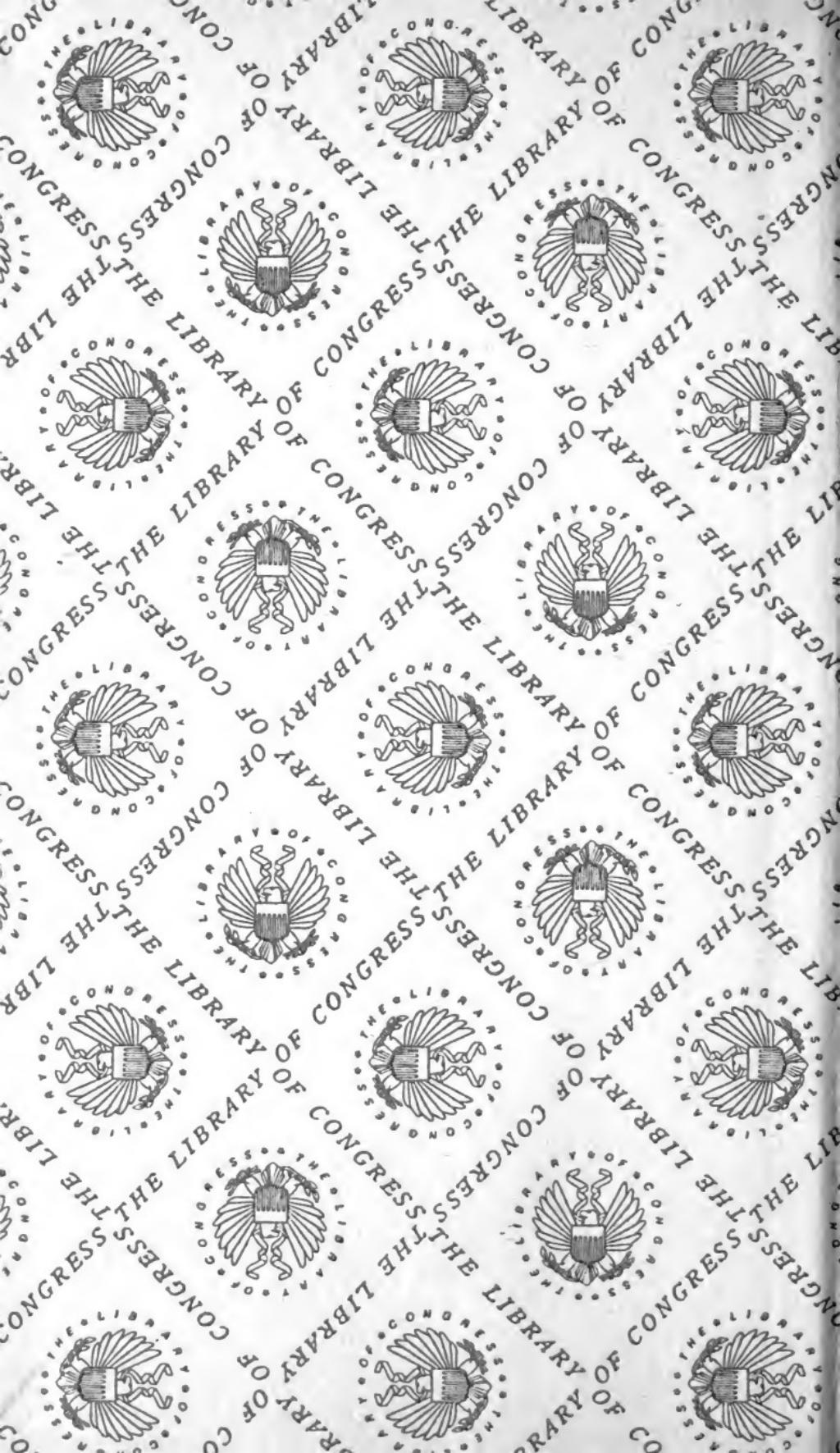
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